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The BYSTANDER

Art Literature & the Drama.

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MISS SOAMES GENERAL BADEN-POWELL

OUR HOPES FOR A PEACEFUL VOYAGE!

General Baden-Powell is seen on the right embarking on a boat. Actually it is only the Boy Scouts' ketch at Greenwich, but in our eyes the ship is the ship of matrimony on which the General is bound, we hope, for a smooth passage to the Isles of Happiness. Aboard the boat, on the left, is the bride-to-be, Miss Olave Soames

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

Put Briefly

Lord Dunraven has appealed for a compromise between "Molly Maguireism on the one hand and Carsonism on the other." Ditto to Lord Dunraven.

***

The Political Follyphone

All the week THE BYSTANDER has been racking his brains for some new absurdity with which to compare the Winston Home Rule All Round Scheme. Mr. E. T. Reed helps us considerably in these pages by depicting Mr. Churchill as the Rembrandt anatomist. Later, we were helped still further by a visit to Mr. Pélissier's concert at the Queen's Hall. An instrument, the like of which had never been seen before, was introduced, entitled the Follyphone. When the performer, however, sat down to play the monstrous thing, instead of a blare of cacophony, all that came forth was the tinkling as of a musical-box. Very similar, indeed, to the political "Follyphone" designed by Mr. Churchill, both in the monstrosity of the instrument and in the absurdity of its effect on the audience.

***

Political Pélissiers

The whole position of the Government on the constitutional problem resembles that of the Pélissier concert. They try to show us how seriously they are trying to do big things on the political orchestra, but whichever piece they have attempted, whether the Insurance Tax Tone Poem, the Disestablishment Overture, or the Home Rule Symphony, the result has been chaos. Small wonder that Mr. Asquith has gone to Venice!

***

The Impossible Happens

One had thought that some things were impossible in modern journalism, but no, it is not so. On Thursday last, on the announcement of General Baden-Powell's engagement to Miss Soames, an evening newspaper *did* send down to interview the couple, and *did* ask them whether they were both happy! It was not even a halfpenny newspaper, either.

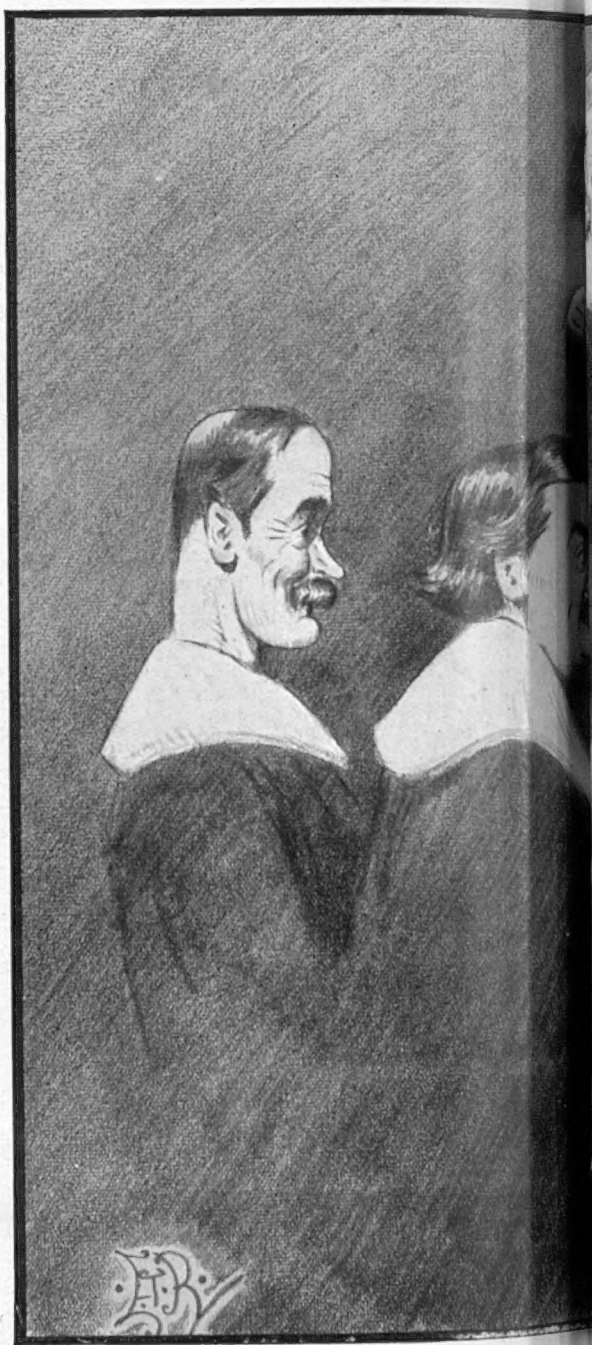
***

The Origin of Limehouse

Mr. Lloyd George's "Life"—I fear it is not possible to oblige him by not referring to it—reveals many interesting things, and philologists are glad. It had been thought that Limehouse was a phenomenon among languages, a thing of novel growth, without apparent origin. The "Life" gives students evidence that it had its roots in the early 'eighties, and that the language as we know it is the perfected article, not the crude beginning.

His Future Foreseen

It is significant that, on the first day of the future Chancellor's visit to London, he saw both the House of Commons and Mme. Tussaud's. In the one he has already gained a dominant place, and at the other he is



WINSTON'S "LESSON IN ANATOMY"
(after Rembrandt)

bound to arrive in due course, though, at the moment, I do not like to say in which section.

* *
*

Aircraft in War

So the aircraft have not, after all, revolutionised warfare, as so many of the dailies, on the conclusion of the manœuvres, told us they had. Certainly, had anything so dramatic happened, the fact would have been at least hinted at by the Harmsworth aerial press. Instead, it was that press that exploded the fallacy. Regarded in the cold light of reason, it does seem a little fantastic to give out that, because one General was enabled to know the dispositions of the enemy, therefore war would cease. To be able to "get at him" with the least delay was always supposed to be the soldier's ambition towards the foe, and the fact that the latter can now no longer conceal himself ought to make for more battles, not fewer. Had air-scouting, in the Boer War, been what it now is, I imagine that campaign would have been over much more rapidly, but it would certainly have been fought. The moral would seem to be that nations will henceforth judge their fitness for war according to the strength and efficiency of their aircraft, and that means a new kind of armaments craze even more senseless than the old.

* *
*

Lost Letchworth

Apropos the manœuvres, somebody has been writing to the *Times* on the subject of maps. Letchworth, Garden City, if you please, is not to be found on the military maps of Hertfordshire, and the troops

Now, gentlemen, we proceed to lop off the Irish, Scottish, and Welsh Members. There remains an interesting torso—that I propose to subdivide as follows—"

Victim (anæsthetic ceasing to act): "No, you don't, my boy ! ! !"

BY E. T. REED

Are We on the Eve of Great Events? (Or Are We Not?)

JOVIAL MAKERS OF GRAVE CRISES

Sir Edward Carson and Mr. F. E. Smith pass smilingly through a cheerful and cheering crowd of Ulstermen at Coleraine. We are glad to see these smiles, and hope that they betoken a peaceful issue of the Ulster agitation

came upon this town of 7,000 inhabitants with surprise, not to say horror. The imagination boggles at the thought of what will happen during the real invasion if every time the enemy (according to the map) thinks he has got a nice bit of open country, he is to stumble against some ever-to-be-confounded Utopia that has sprung into existence unrecorded. But Letchworth should console itself. The Germans are a progressive lot, and Garden City might so attract them that they might decide to declare it the capital in place of out-of-date old London.

* * *

Letchworth, the Federal Capital

Indeed, I am not sure that something of the kind will not happen at the hands of our own Government, when Mr. Churchill becomes Premier. London, with its purely English associations, will not be thought suitable as the federal capital, and Letchworth, being new, Utopian, co-operative, small-holding, and Socialistic, may be the chosen place!

* * *

Father and Son

The School and Varsity terms being about to recommence, clubmen will miss that most oppressive of all kinds of club-silences, the silence of the table at which paterfamilias is lunching with his son from school or college. To me these *tête-à-têtes* are terrible in their significance. Clearly the public schoolboy of to-day is as detached in ideas and in sympathies from his father as from anybody else in the world. The silence reigns because neither feels that any remark he might make, save "Bread?" or "Salt, please," could possibly interest the other. But we shall miss these silences. Their significance was positively deafening.

* * *

Mr. Ure Again

Mr. Ure has decided not for the single tax, but for a tax on land according to whether or not it is "properly used." The difficulty lies in deciding what is proper use. Some might think their waste lands better kept waste and not let for building—unless it were proposed to build graveyards for a certain class of politician who is now going about the country.

* * *

Ulster Week a Success

Unlike Joy Day, the Ulster Week looks like being a real success of political revivalism. The needful religious tincture has been discreetly applied, and there is a seventeenth-century air about the whole thing that is quite impressive, even in days when historicalism has begun slightly to pall. "Not a religious man himself," John Bull, like the insufferable Booth in *The Voysey Inheritance*, likes to see a little religion in others, provided it is not overdone. Ulster is not overdone, but just done nicely. Tolerant people may regret the forcing-up of forgotten anti-Roman prejudices, even on the banks of the Boyne, but they need not be alarmed. When it has served its purpose, it can be dropped.

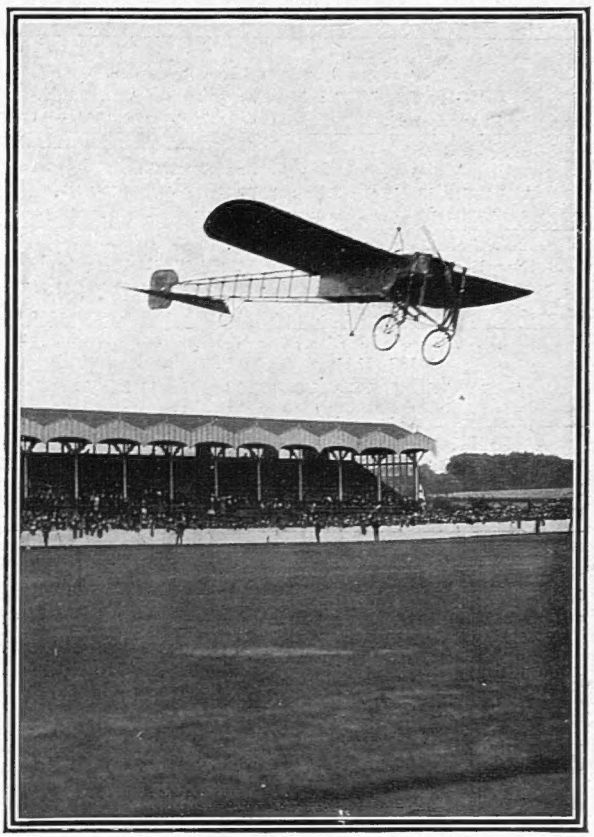
M. SAZONOFF: WELCOME, BUT—

"The Bystander" welcomes M. Sazonoff and hopes that his mission to Balmoral will not be too successful, if it has as its object to get British consent to the partition of Persia. The extinction of an Empire almost as old as the world, and the placing of one half of a free people under Russian and the other under British rule, is a piece of gross political brigandage, and it is also a gross political blunder. Britain and Russia will always make bad neighbours, and it is an iniquity that Persia should be made the cockpit of their quarrels in years to come

Should Exhibition Flights be Forbidden?

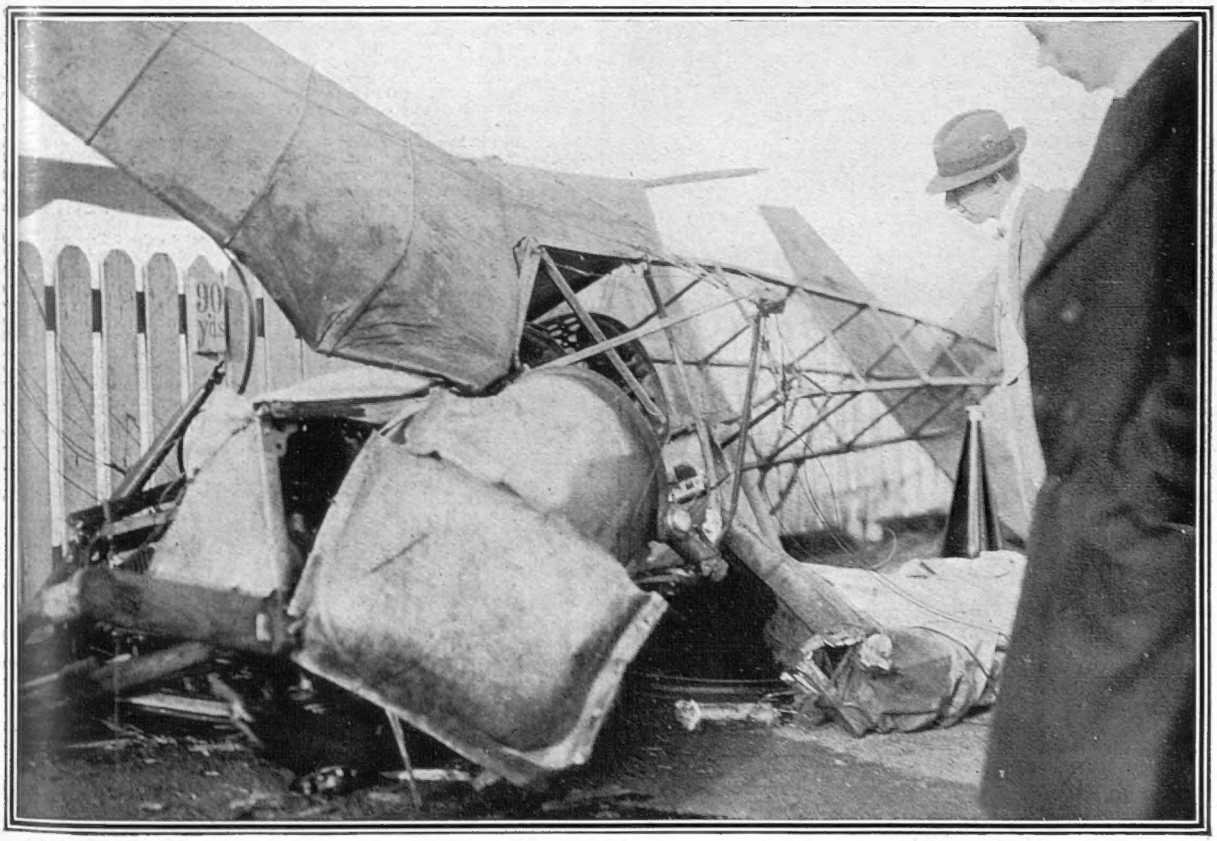
A SACRIFICE OF LIFE TO SENSATIONALISM THAT IS BECOMING A SCANDAL

THE LATE AVIATOR AND HIS WIFE (née May Kinder)
Photographed on the occasion of his entry for the £10,000 "Daily Mail" prize



JUST BEFORE THE CATASTROPHE
Mr. Astley ascending from the Show Ground at Belfast

The happening of accidents to air-craft during manœuvres, tragic as it was, may have been justifiable sacrifice of life to duty. Such disasters as that to Mr. Astley at Belfast, in which a fall to the ground of 40 feet took place during a series of sharply banked turns, made for the delectation of 11,000 spectators on a show ground, ARE NOT JUSTIFIABLE. Flights made within circumscribed areas for purposes of profit should be legally forbidden, as it is now proved that the risk to life is greater than should be allowed in a civilised country



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The Bystander in Society

The Queen as Golfer

THE principal race-meetings of the year are over, and from now on until Christmas Society, to a certain extent, occupies itself with cultivating the domestic virtues, and with health-renewing outdoor sports. Golf, in particular, is the reigning favourite under the latter category, and it is said that even Queen Mary is going to study its intricacies! We say *even*, for, with the exception of dancing, Her Majesty has never shown any special penchant for such amusements as entail much active pedestrianism, or, indeed, any form of outdoor sport. Of all the Northern golfing resorts, there is probably none where the game is taken so seriously as at North Berwick, where so many, both last year and this, have taken houses. From early morning till late evening no one can be found at their hotels or other residences, but on the golf courses.

"Grey Walls"

One of the most regular visitors to North Berwick is Mrs. William James, who owns a charming old place there known as "Grey Walls." Here she has this year taken her second daughter, Miss Alexandra James, to recuperate after her long and severe illness. Mrs. W. James has had a difficult time during the past year, first with her husband's long illness, and then with that of her eldest unmarried daughter. Large as the income left her by her late husband seems to the outside world, Mrs. James has her doubts as to whether it will suffice to keep up West Dean as in former days. But, then, who, nowadays, is able to keep anything up as in former days?

A REGAL SMILE

For General Foch, one of the French officers invited to attend our Army manœuvres. His Majesty, who is seen presumably enjoying a jest, displayed great interest in the war game, and expressed his satisfaction with the efficiency of the Army in general

Trin. Coll., Cam.

The King's visit to Trinity is reminding Cantabs who have local memories of an incident during a visit of Queen Victoria to the same College. On Her Majesty's arrival at the Master's Lodge, the then Master greeted her with "Welcome, Ma'am, to my humble lodge." "Sir," said the Queen severely, "it is *my* humble lodge." And so, of course, it was, Master's Lodge being, as the Queen was not likely to forget, a possession of the Crown, which appoints the Master.

The Fire at Carden

The terrible fire at Carden will, for the time being, close a very hospitable mansion. Colonel and Mrs. Holdsworth have the reputation of being the most generous host and hostess, both in and out of London, and at Christmas-time they not only fill their house with guests, but also give several large balls and other entertainments to which the whole county are invited. Mrs. Holdsworth has one daughter by her first marriage, Miss Enid Assheton-Smith, who, it will be remembered, was at one time engaged to Lord Newry, the elder son of Lord and Lady Kilmorey. For some reason, the engagement was broken off, certainly not through any change of mind on the part of Lord Newry; but be that as it may, neither Miss Assheton-Smith nor her erstwhile *fiancé* have formed any other ties since.

"My Son Moses"

Lady Lockwood, who died last week, the widow of Sir Frank Lockwood, the Liberal law officer, was born a Salis Schwabe—a member of a family of Hamburg Israelites who migrated to Manchester. It was one of Sir Frank Lockwood's humorous fancies to pretend that he had by her, in addition to his daughters, a son named Moses, whom he sketched in many diverting forms. Details may be read in Mr. Birrell's "Life" of the eminent advocate.

Deserted London

Although London is still deserted by the usual *habitués* of the West End, there are a few who are beginning to take up their abode in Town, or, at least, to take it for a few days *en passant*. Lady Paget, having finished her duties as hostess in Dublin for Horse Show week, has returned, and now spends her time between Belgrave Square and Coombe Warren.

Diplomatic Changes: A Story of the Tsarevitch

Lady Massereene and Ferrard is in Town busy with some shopping, for the days for Paris shopping are yet a fortnight distant, and people content themselves with getting their between-season supply in London.

Rumour and Romance

How *do* these things get into the papers? On their arrival from America the other day, Mr. and Mrs. Miller Graham were confronted with a rumour to the effect that they had lost all their money. Their friends paid them visits of condolence; Mrs. Graham's maid was besieged with expressions of commiseration from hotel attendants, and in deep distress carried the news to her mistress, who laughingly told one and all she had lost nothing, "not even a few pounds of flesh!" But what an opportunity lost! Had the incident happened in any novel, the fair and rich American would have acted quite differently. Seeing a splendid opportunity for putting to the test the loyalty of her friends, she would have burst into tears and said:

"Yes, yes. All, all is lost! Every cent—except just enough to get us to London and keep us there for a few weeks." As to what would then happen would form the rest of the novel or play. Friends either would, or they would not, have proved themselves true or untrue, and when the proper moment came, the heroine would disclose the fact that the rumour was a lying one, and that they were as wealthy as and wealthier than before.

Danish Minister to Washington

M. Brun, who has represented Denmark at the Court of St. James's for some time past, is leaving shortly for America. He has been transferred to Washington, much to his delight, for he has already spent many years in the American capital, for which he has a liking, looking upon it as much in the light of home as can be claimed by any diplomat. During his stay in England M. Brun has made many friends, and is one of the familiar figures to be seen riding in the Park every morning.

M. CONSTANTINE BRUN

Danish Minister at the Court of St. James's, who is to leave England shortly for America, having been transferred to Washington

Changes at the Russian Embassy

It is being said in diplomatic circles that Count Benckendorff, the Russian Ambassador, will, at his own request, shortly be recalled. If this is the case, it will be a matter of considerable regret, as during his nine years' stay in England he has become very popular, and he will be very much missed by a large circle of friends. He possesses a most charming personality, and is very cosmopolitan. Previously to coming over here he was attached to the Russian Embassies in Rome and Vienna, and also spent some years in Constantinople as Ambassador.

A Story of the Tsarevitch

Talking of Russia, a pretty little story reaches me from Moscow. The Tsar was one day sitting talking to M. Kokovtseff, the Prime Minister, when the Tsarevitch burst into the room crying: "Papa, papa, come here! I want you." His father, however, not approving of this breach of etiquette, reproved him gently: "My son, when I am with M. Kokovtseff, you must not call me papa. You must say your Majesty." Some time after the young hopeful again burst in upon his father's privacy. The little face was ablaze with indignation, and tears stood in the small blue eyes. "May it please your Majesty," he cried, "your daughter has slapped my face."

Photograph *Thomson*

COUNT BENCKENDORFF

The Russian Ambassador in London, who, after nine years' stay in England, is, it is rumoured, to be recalled at his own request

A Rip-Van-Winkle

Such, at least, one would judge the Society chronicler of the *Sunday Times* to be, judging by the statement which appeared in last week's issue to the effect that the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch were in residence at Langholm Lodge, where they had been entertaining a family party for the Duke's birthday. Not content with this, the writer emphasises his lapse of memory by stating that "his Grace and the Duchess will remain at Langholm for some weeks, and expect to entertain several shooting-parties." Shades of the departed! It should scarcely be necessary to recall that the death of the Duchess of Buccleuch took place on March 18 of this year.

Lest Cambridge Forgets

THAT, IN WAR TIME, SHE IS LIKELY TO BE PUT TO UNEXPECTED USES

TRINITY AS THE KING'S HEADQUARTERS DURING MANŒUVRES: ALL ENTRANCES UNDER GUARD

"JESUS" AS LANDING-PLACE FOR TROUBLED AIRSHIPS

The lawn at Jesus College, where the "Beta" had to land owing to trouble with her engines

Cambridge has been playing a big part in the Manœuvres, and in time of war might find herself put to unexpected uses, such as those illustrated above. The King, during his attendance at the Manœuvres, resided at the King's House, Trinity College, where King Edward and Queen Victoria stayed during other Royal visits, and the college, last week, was made the headquarters of the War staff

Feminine Friendship as a Social Cult

Frogmore's Old Tenants

Frogmore Cottage, which is being prepared for its new tenants, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, has of recent years seen many changes of ownership. Among others it has had for tenants Lord and Lady Colebrooke, who, since the destruction of their house—Abington—by fire, have spent most of their time in England. Lady Colebrooke has more and more devoted herself to her particular hobbies to the almost entire exclusion of her social duties, with the exception always of her devotion to the society of her particular *amie intime*, the Princesse Edmond de Polignac. These two have for some years formed a friendship which can only be likened to that of Damon and Pythias, which has no feminine equivalent. When in England they rent a house together; in Paris they own an *apartement*, and always Lady Colebrooke gives much time to her sculpture. Meanwhile, Lord Colebrooke does his duty as *chaperon* to his daughter, Miss Bridget Colebrooke.

Photograph Lafayette *Photograph Lallie Charles*

AMERICAN VISITORS TO AMERICA

The Countess of Essex (left) is, with Mrs. Waldorf Astor (right), paying her first visit to her native land since her marriage in 1893. Lady Essex was formerly Miss Adela Beach Grant, of New York

Famous Social Friendships

There are numerous instances among Society women of similar intimacies, which seem to exclude all other women from a share in their friendship. Two devotees of music, attracted at first, doubtless, by this similarity of taste, are Lady Maud Warrender and Lady Speyer. They travel together—at home and abroad, visit together, walk together, shop together, and though they may not always actually go to parties, theatres, or operas together, to see the one is to be quite sure that, not far away, certainly not further than one or two seats apart, will be the kindred spirit.

Other Instances

Meeting on different ground are the tastes of the Duchess of Newcastle and Lady Noreen Bass, whose intimacy is founded on sport. There is not a race-meeting at which they are not seen—together. And where these two are there also is Lady Rowena Paterson, who is never far from her sister, Lady Noreen, whom she so closely resembles in looks.

Sisters-in-Law Inseparables

Another case in point is that of the Duchess of Roxburghe and her sister-in-law, Lady Alastair Innes-Ker; as Lady Alastair is very fond of Society, and the Duchess has adopted a more or less detached attitude in regard to it, this close friendship often puzzles their other friends. One claim they have in common: they are both Americans. The Duchess of Roxburghe has always grieved that there is no direct heir to her husband's titles, but her affection for her sister-in-law's little son is undoubted, and here, probably, is the secret of the mutual attraction.

Photograph Lallie Charles

LADY ALASTAIR INNES-KER

Sister-in-law and inseparable of the Duchess of Roxburghe, both being Americans. Lady Alastair has the honour of being the mother of the present heir to the Roxburghe Dukedom

A Visitor to the Land of Her Birth

Lady Essex has gone on a visit to the United States. This fact seems to surprise her English circle, for she has, for various reasons, shown no great spirit of patriotism since her marriage, and has, so far, avoided visiting her native country. Now, however, under the ægis of Mrs. Waldorf Astor, known among her intimates as "Nancy" Astor, to distinguish her from Mrs. "Ava" Astor, she is once more renewing her acquaintance with the friends and surroundings of her maiden days. The house in Berkeley Square which she and Lord Essex make their home when in London, and where, in fact, they spend most of the year, was for some time quite a bone of contention, and not a little jealousy was aroused when the Duke of Westminster conferred the tenancy of it on Lady Essex, for Burdon House had been much desired by several members of his own family, including Mrs. George Cornwallis West.

Our Society Portraiture

Photographed from a painting by Constant

LADY COLEBROOKE

The talented and artistic wife of the first Baron Colebrooke, who was formerly Lord-in-Waiting to King Edward VII. Lady Colebrooke has been until lately a tenant of Frogmore Cottage, Windsor, which she has vacated for the Duchess of Teck. She is the daughter of Lord Alfred Paget, and has a son and two daughters

Their New Japanese Majesties

THE EMPEROR YOSHIHITO OF JAPAN
Born at Tokyo, August 31, 1879. He married the Empress Sadako in 1900

THE EMPRESS SADAKO OF JAPAN
Born at Tokyo, June 25, 1884. She is the daughter of Prince Kujo Michitaka of Japan

The Prince to Go to Panama!

An exceedingly interesting report, which I give with all proper reserve, is one to the effect that the Prince of Wales will be the first English Prince to traverse the Panama Canal. When the present difference of opinion between the British and American Governments is settled, it is suggested that his Royal Highness will travel to Canada, then go west to Vancouver, where he will embark upon a British boat, go down the coast to Panama, and return that way homeward.

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New Japanese Rulers

I give on this page the latest photographs of the new Emperor and Empress of Japan, in national costume. The Empress is, it is gratifying to note, beautiful—at all events in Western eyes—and it is not unlikely that in a year or two we may be seeing her in person, on the occasion of the visit their Majesties will probably pay to the European Courts.

THE BULGARIAN ROYAL FAMILY
The four children of the Tsar Ferdinand. They are, reading from left to right: Princess Eudoxie, aged fourteen; Prince Cyril, aged seventeen; Crown Prince Boris, aged eighteen; and Princess Nadejda, aged thirteen

Bourbon-Coburg Scions

A glance at the lower photograph, that of the Bulgarian Royal family, opens up other interesting reflections. King Ferdinand's children are handsome in a distinctively French fashion, and that being the case, their future in the matrimonial market will be closely watched. Provided his father plays his cards carefully (and not too courageously), the heir to the new Tsardom, likely so soon to be extending its boundaries, will be indeed an "eligible." Some months ago THE BYSTANDER prophesied that his bride-to-be will probably be Princess Elizabeth of Roumania, an alliance which would have a momentous effect on affairs in the Near East. It is hardly necessary to remind readers that Tsar Ferdinand is, on his father's side, a Coburg, and on his mother's a Bourbon, so that his children have historic blood in their veins which cannot be rivalled by their Servian and Montenegrin neighbours.

The New Reign in Denmark

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRINE EN FAMILLE

Photograph *Paetz*

It is many years since the Throne of Denmark was occupied by such comparatively youthful Sovereigns as those who have succeeded to the late King Frederick, who was well past middle age when his father, Christian IX., died in 1906, at a very advanced age. The above charming photograph shows Her Majesty Queen Alexandrine, formerly Duchess of Mecklenburg, with her two sons, Crown Prince Frederick and Prince Knud, whose ages are respectively 13 and 12 years

The BYSTANDER in MOSCOW

(BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT THE 1812-1912 CELEBRATIONS)

Hospitality in Excelsis

For six days Moscow has been striving to outrival even her own reckless gaiety and love of pleasure in a wild and extravagant endeavour to do justice to the greatest event in her stormy history. The spirit of 1812 is in the air, and not even the rain, which until now has mercifully avoided the ancient city of churches, can mar the colour-effect of the decorations and illuminations or damp the enthusiasm of the vast crowd of pleasure-seekers who throng the streets. The whole populace is, indeed, on its best behaviour. Since 1905 the town has been in disgrace, and from that date until May of this year the Emperor had not honoured the ancient capital with a single visit. The town has, therefore, done its best to extend a special welcome to the Imperial family, and to all the host of Ministers, Grand Dukes, Generals, and other distinguished visitors who have come from all parts of the Empire to participate in the ceremonies that are being held to celebrate the centenary of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. And the Muscovite is more sumptuous, more lavish in his hospitality than anybody else in the world. His capacity to do without sleep is extraordinary, and six days of unbroken feasting and drinking and pleasure-making seem neither to have ruined his health nor to have impaired his appetite.

THE TSAR AND ROYAL FAMILY LEAVING AFTER THE SERVICE AT THE KREMLIN

It is noted in the article that their Majesties moved about among the Muscovites with a freedom greater than that allowed many a so-called Constitutional Sovereign, and that the Tsarevitch is the idol of the city

"The Bachelor Town of Europe"

The average Englishman's idea of Moscow, gleaned from the novels of imaginative authors, is generally associated with the iniquities of the secret police, the outrages of bomb-throwers, or the cruelties of the Cossack soldiery. If he were told that the Tsar shows himself to his subjects as freely as our own King, he would be frankly incredulous. And yet this is no exaggeration. Precautions, it is true, are taken on a far greater scale than in other countries, and the whole town is honeycombed with spies and detectives. But this life remains unseen, and provided that the troubled sphere of politics is avoided, Russia is the freest country in the world. And in Moscow the large merchant-class, which is the backbone of the population, asks nothing better than to be left alone. Good-nature and an easy tolerance are the main features of a life which, if a little Eastern and bestial, is gayer than that of Paris and more licentious than the wildest life of Shanghai or San Francisco. Nowhere is hypocrisy less prominent, nowhere are conventions more outrageously flouted. With its pleasure-gardens—summer theatres where every kind of entertainment, from a musical comedy to a *café-chantant*, is provided—its all-night music-hall restaurants, its studied hospitality and carefully planned gaiety, Moscow is essentially the bachelor town of Europe. For sheer reckless extravagance it would put even New York to shame, and its *jeunesse doreé* can squander a fortune as quickly as a Dawson City gold-miner.

Napoleon Popular!

A striking characteristic of Russians is their readiness to acknowledge the good qualities of the stranger within their gates. The central figure of the 1812 celebrations has been, not Kootoozoff, or Barclay de Tolly, or Rostopchin, but Napoleon himself. His portrait or his statue adorns every shop and house. Street-hawkers are selling Napoleon hats, Napoleon post-cards, Napoleon eagles, and are doing a brisk trade. Every play has him for its central figure, and actors with the Napoleon features are at a premium. Journalists sing his praises in extravagant platitudes, and his fame is a more powerful source of inspiration to young poets than the spring. Napoleon fever has invaded the whole town, and furnishes another striking proof that the little Corporal is more popular outside of France than in it.

A Word of Advice

Travelling in Russia has certainly its tragic side, but a little patience (and the passing of a rouble or two) will overcome a multitude of troubles. And to the English in particular, whose knowledge of Russia is far behind that of the Continental nations, the Bystander's advice is to come and see for themselves. A Russian welcome awaits them.

JEAN D'AUVERGNE

THE MAN IN HIS MONOGRAM

NO. III. OF AN ORIGINAL SERIES OF CARICATURES

In the above sketch the initials of the name and title of a famous playwright are so designed as to form his likeness. If you are in doubt as to his identity see next week's issue—also for No. 4 of the series. To assist identification, the reader is advised to hold it at arm's length

WHO IS IT?

Last week's Cartoon: Initials "K.K."—Lord Kitchener of Khartoum

BY PHILIP BAYNES

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"EVERYWOMAN" AT DRURY LANE THEATRE

EVERYWOMAN suggests, of course, the old morality play of *Everyman*, because, as someone has aptly remarked, man embraces woman. *Everywoman* has, however, nothing in common with its stern and rather tiresome predecessor, which seems to have been written only in order to provoke acute theological controversy. *Everywoman* is called a Morality play, no doubt because the characters are all abstractions, such as Youth, Beauty, Wealth, and so on. In parenthesis it is to be noted that Vice is represented as a woman, so we know now whose fault it is when any of us "steps aside," as Bobbie Burns puts it. The author has, perhaps unconsciously, echoed the sentiment of the old Church Fathers who proclaimed that Woman is the Gate of Hades. It must not be supposed, however, that Mr. Arthur Collins has indulged in a wild excursion into acute polemics. *Everywoman* is just a very modern melodrama, and includes a gorgeous supper-party on the usual lines of guilty splendour, to say nothing of a scene representing Piccadilly Circus on a very crowded night. The "morality" of *Everywoman* is never at any time very oppressive, except on the principle of *lux ex tenebræ*—light out of darkness. In the story, Everywoman leaves her happy home and goes out into the wicked world by way of the theatre, and after having been at length cast off by her wealthy protector, because Youth and Beauty have left her, she returns home to find King Love awaiting her, and lives happily ever after. What? It has been announced that the author of *Everywoman* had the idea of burlesquing the Morality Play. He seems to have succeeded beyond all reasonable expectations.

The chief success of the production is scored by Mr. H. B. Irving as Nobody, who is a sort of "Chorus" or interpreter of the meaning of the play. The fact that the character is not at all necessary to the development of the story is a striking tribute to Mr. Irving's genius in making it quite an interesting feature of the piece. The main interest, however, centres round Miss Alexandra Carlisle as Everywoman, whom we see first of all in her ideal home surrounded by Youth, Beauty, and Modesty. The last-named character is a rather complex one. When Everywoman goes on the stage, Modesty leaves her—a really unkind cut at *the* profession. But as soon as Everywoman comes back home, the broken toy of a wealthy libertine, Modesty once more takes up her abode in the house, and beyond looking a little tired, seems none the worse for wear. For all I know to the contrary, this fact may point an additional moral to the tale. The old-fashioned adage used to teach us that a reformed rake made the best husband. In these topsy-turvy days it may well be that the converse is equally true in respect of the best wives.

Truth is quite charmingly represented by Miss Kate Rorke, who is seen as a dismal, croaking old creature until she is understood, when she becomes a beautiful and attractive woman. When Everywoman is in a scandal-mongering mood she whispers to her friends the news that Truth abides with Nobody, the quaint suggestion of a *faux ménage* being most adroitly, but, I think, quite unnecessarily, made. The extraordinary mixture of blunt irregularity with the orthodox form of deep religious emotion makes a strong appeal to the crowd; and, indeed, to all friends of the curious. At one moment we have Wealth outside the Criterion Theatre inviting Vice to step into his motor-brougham, and driving off with her; and then a change of scene brings us to the exterior of a church, with its fine stained-glass windows and its procession of chanting choristers swinging their incense as they go. The best scene is undoubtedly the first, which is nearly all allegory, and nicely in keeping with the idea of a Morality play; but Drury Lane Theatre is a large house to fill, and Mr. Collins can only fill it by talking to his public in a language that they can understand. And in *Everywoman* I think he has talked to some purpose. JINGLE

The "Morality Play" at Drury Lane is presented in the more popular form of a melodrama, with its fitting accessories of homeless heroines and the usual fall of snow. Some of the scenes are a little daring—but they are protected by the blessed name—"Morality." *O Mores!*

BY NORMAN MORROW

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

So many Cabinet Ministers, Labour Members, Retired Generals, Expired Convicts, and Women Novelists write for the Press nowadays that, if an article is not signed, you never quite know who you are reading. The Editor, holding that the Bystander who conducts this page should be above suspicion, has authorised the signing of it. Henceforth and hereinafter—as solicitors say—it will be signed.

* * *

The page will continue to be non-political. That is to say, it will include reflections upon Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Edward Carson, and Mr. Keir Hardie at intervals, but nobody will need to feel that he ought to change his party because of them. I do not want Unionists, Nationalists, or Syndicalists who read these lines to turn their coats. I only want them to be better Unionists, Nationalists, or Syndicalists. A simple ambition—some of you may think. There it is, however. I would rather make lots of earnest politicians more earnest than be responsible—let us say—for transforming Mr. Winston Churchill into a Unionist.

* * *

To turn to other matters, all footballers will be delighted at the brilliant way in which the footer season has opened at Belfast. No need—as in cricket—to deplore the lack of interest taken in the game. One hundred people, including several policemen, injured, the players seated with basins on their heads to save them from the bullets their admirers were distributing, the referee crouched under a table in the dressing-room—these little details prove that there is no waning of public enthusiasm about football. My only fear is that the game may be spoilt, in Ireland, at any rate, by becoming a sort of irregular Triangular Test between Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Policemen. Still, some very smart players should be the result of it—men calculated to uphold our Imperial credit at the next Olympic Games. Or will Ireland enter as a separate nation? One hopes not, but one never knows.

* * *

At first sight, there is very little connection between Insurance and Cider. I see, however, from the first annual report issued by the Government Laboratory, that whereas cider is a beverage "obtained by fermentation of apple-juice," the great majority of non-alcoholic ciders sold under such names as "sparkling cider" or "champagne cider" are entirely free from apple-juice. Just in the same way—you observe—as Mr. Lloyd George's Insurance Bill is free from medical and sanatorium benefits. Why didn't he call it "The Sparkling Insurance Bill"?

* * *

Do clothes, in some mysterious manner, represent the prevailing temper of a people? The idea occurs as I read that "The epoch of the Terror has been laid under contribution by the great dressmakers for the winter fashions now appearing in their *salons*. . . . All the newest tailor-made costumes are 'Robespierre.'" One seems to see in a flash how absolutely right this sort of dress would be for our present Cabinet Ministers.

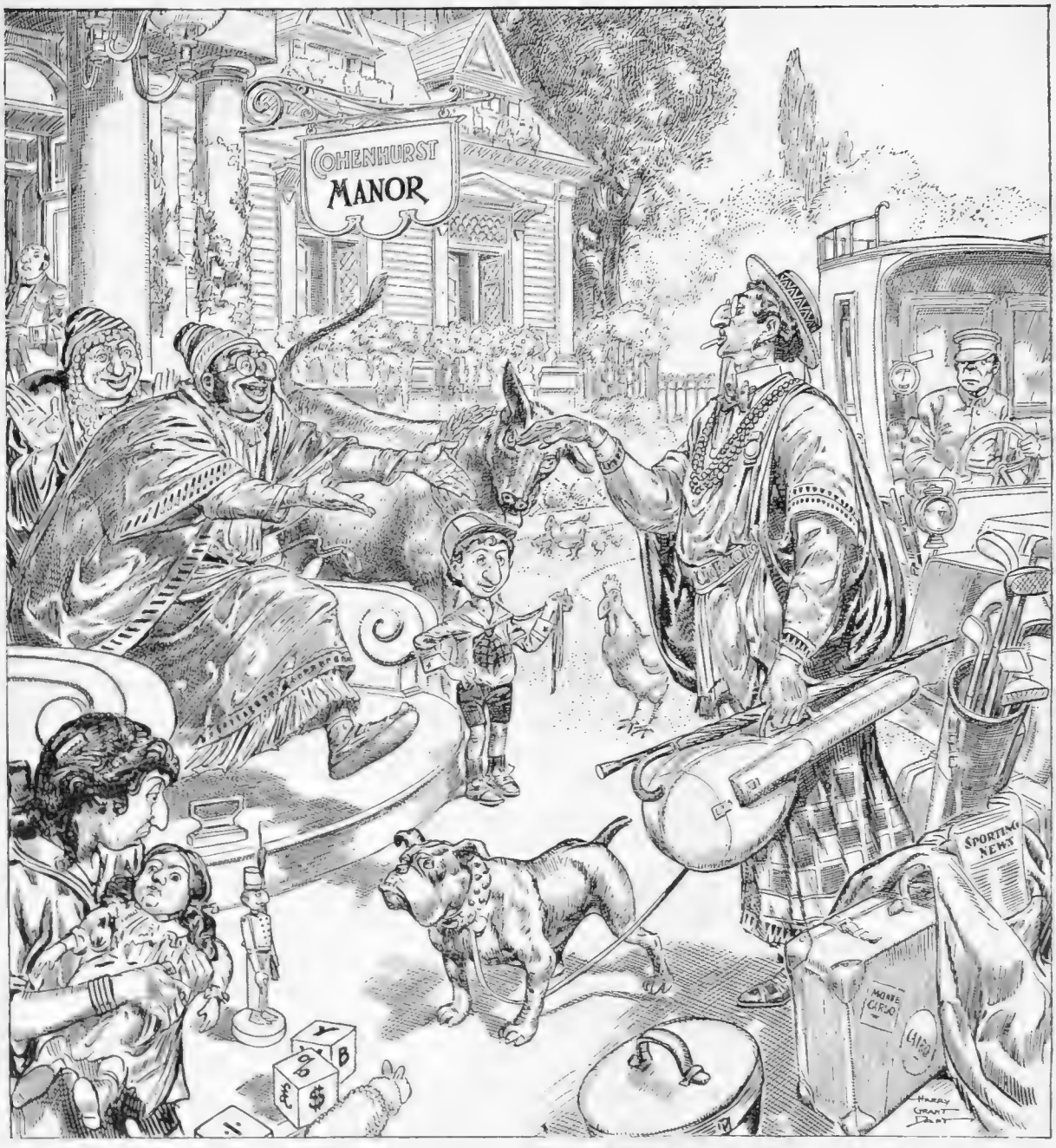
* * *

Not for all, perhaps. Sir Edward Grey would look a little unhappy in the coat frogged with heavy braid and the striped trousers of the Revolution. Citizen Birrell is not quite in the picture. But think of Mr. Winston Churchill as the sea-green incorruptible—in a submarine. The sea-green being the dominant note.

* * *

It is to be hoped that though we get the revolutionary garments back, we shall not renew the revolutionary scenes *in toto*. They were too painful. Yet how easily the ranks of the Suffragettes might produce a Charlotte Corday! How easily such a lady, anxious to right wrongs connected with the vote,

"All the newest tailor-made costumes are 'Robespierre' . . . how absolutely right this sort of dress would be for our present Cabinet Ministers"



HISTORY AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN: THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON

might feel prompted to stab Mr. McKenna—not in his bath, one trusts—but while the humane Secretary, eager, possibly, to find out whether forcible feeding really is brutal or not, is engaged in the experiment of taking his lunch at the Home Office through a tube.

* * *

According to a contemporary, a well-known hospital surgeon has declared that the younger and more progressive members of his profession are beginning to feel that they ought to undertake "Beauty Treatment." No doubt there is something to be said for this idea, but it could be overdone. It might come very hard on parents with a small income if they had to spend large sums on making their daughters get rid of the family likeness. Again, doctors, when they take up a scheme, never know when to stop. They might want to make the thing compulsory. Think what scenes there would be if forcible Beautifying were added to Forcible Feeding in the case of Suffragettes undergoing a short sentence for window-breaking.

THE GREATEST FORTUNE-TELLER

[Being a suggestion for a rhymed advertisement to be issued by the Commissioner of Police for calling the attention of Palmists, Seers, Clairvoyants, etc., to the great work he has undertaken. It should, of course be accompanied by a picture of the C.P. looking very mystic and pointing with his forefinger into space.]

Palmists and Seers, beware! You see this man?
He has a very mystic mind—he can
Foretell your future—state what clothes you'll wear,
What food they'll give you, how they'll cut your hair,
The magic number you will answer to,
The labour (somewhat hard) you'll have to do,
The little room you'll sleep in, all the rubs
Life has in store for you (at Wormwood Scrubs)—
All this he'll do—and—weirdest thing of all—
You will not have to write to him or call,
But just continue on your present way—
Then—sure as fate—some blue-clad Brute some day
Will burst into your room, and you importune
To step to Bow Street—there to learn your fortune.

R. E. VERNÉDE

The Bystander in PARIS

THE GREAT WAR GAME IN FRANCE

Early Rising

Paris was in the uncomfortable condition which most of us understand too well about this time of the year—a sort of autumn clean-up state of general untidiness. Summer (convention makes me call it so) was over, and Paris had not yet settled down to the autumn. There was nothing going on in the theatres, people stared at you if you talked French with a comprehensible accent in the restaurants, the cafés were filled with provincials, the *camelots* were selling last year's cheap rubbish on the boulevards. One of them offered me a clockwork toy soldier, and that gave me the idea. The grand manœuvres! I looked them up in the French substitute for Bradshaw, got into the train at the quaint little underground station of the Quai d'Orsay, and found myself after some hours at Loudun. And soon after I arrived we began playing at war, which is really quite a game. To begin with, you have to get up very early. I am not an expert myself, so I will confess at once that it seems to me that you can fight as well in broad daylight as in the wee small hours, but France doesn't think so, apparently. So we were up at four, and dressed by candle-light, and spent long hours in motor-cars hunting up battles.

M. FALLIÈRES—ÉTAGE DEUXIEME

The President of the French Republic is making all preparations for his forthcoming retirement from office. The Elysée Palace will find a modest successor in the apartment shown above, viz., No. 19, Rue François I., second floor, where, it is to be hoped, the ex-President will pass the remaining years of his active life in well-earned rest

Thomas Dumanet

It was worth it, really, if only for the pleasure I got out of Dumanet. Dumanet is Tommy Atkins in a very ill-fitting French uniform. It is, apparently, a by-law of the French Army that all the big infantrymen wear uniforms made for little men, and *vice versâ*. A cavalryman's clothes sometimes nearly fit him; an infantryman's clothes never. It may be this which gives the little French soldier a delightful freedom and ease of expression which makes him a charming companion. One of him was standing in the corner of a hedge alongside the high road. He was all by himself, with the landscape in front of him, when a fat man in red trousers came ambling along outside a horse. A fortnight and three days before the fat man had probably been a stockbroker. He was an officer of reserve now, and he did not like his dignity to be forgotten. So he spoke roughly to Dumanet. "What are you doing here?" he said. And the French word he used was a very rude word, which is not spoken aloud in polite Society. Dumanet saluted, as his duty was. "I am doing time, *mon capitaine*," he said. A General was riding down a lane. Suddenly six little men with bicycles hopped out of cover and on to them, and rode at the General licketty spit. He had no time to turn tail, so I don't know whether his dignity would have permitted him to do so. He was a Blue General; the little men on bicycles were Reds. They rode straight at him, dropped their bicycles, sprang at his bridle-rein, and made him prisoner. "My General," said one of them, "I am afraid you're going to taste the mouldy oysters and the flat champagne of the Red Army's dungeons."

Extinct Anti-Militarism

Before the manœuvres began we had heard a good deal in Paris about the feeling in the country against the army. We had been told that the peasantry disliked the soldiers now, and that there might be difficulties in housing them and feeding them in country villages. They might even be hooted, we were told. This year's manœuvres took place in the very heart of France, on the borders of three counties, Poitou, Touraine, and Anjou. They are sprinkled with quaint old-fashioned little villages, and the country lanes there are curiously like the lanes of Hampshire, Kent, and Sussex. Whenever a regiment marched through a village the villagers lined up to see and to cheer. Whenever house-room was requisitioned the proudest villagers were those who had accommodation for officers, and those of them who did not board and lodge a few soldiers felt rather put upon than otherwise. When the sun shone—and, curiously enough, the sun showed quite an intelligent interest in the manœuvres—the villagers brought out great pails of water for the troops to drink, and many of them mixed wine with the water. They also gave them bread and cheese and steaks and chickens.

Comradeship

The spirit of comradeship between the officers and men was wonderful. One afternoon I saw a captain inspecting a number of reservists. He was looking at their hair, told a good many of them that it was too long, and ordered them to get it cut. One man saluted and remarked, "*Mon capitaine*, I am an actor. If you make me have my hair cut I shall get no work when I go back to private life in a fortnight." The captain laughed and let him off.

Who Would Be a King?

Our sympathies to his Majesty King Alfonso. He cannot even converse with a pretty woman without being surrounded by snapshotters. This lurid example was itself snapshotted, to our profound regret, during the King's recent visit to San Sebastian

Tecla Gems

Tecla Pearls and Real Diamonds

BERLIN
15 Unter den Linden

LONDON
7 Old Bond Street

VIENNA
2 Kärnthnerstrasse

Tecla

NEW YORK
398 Fifth Avenue

PARIS
10 Rue de la Paix

NICE
16 Avenue Masséna

NO OTHER BRANCHES OR AGENTS IN EUROPE

But do not let me lead you to believe that discipline was slack. The war game was played very earnestly, and besides showing by the prowess of the air scouts how necessary a strong air corps will be to every nation in the next war, the French manœuvres have provided an object-lesson of very special interest to Englishmen. The lesson was supplied by the reservists. There were ten thousand of them. They were men of all classes, and of ages varying from twenty-five to thirty. They marched thirty-five miles and more a day for five days following, with fifty pounds weight on their backs. Not a man of them all fell ill, and on the manœuvres' last day the reservists bore the brunt of the battle and triumphed. JOHN N. RAPHAEL

The Bystander IN BERLIN

THE GERMAN CULT OF SLIMNESS

Tenuous Teutons

GERMANS are getting thin. Men, women, children, all are swiftly deliquescing into diaphanous tenuity. Those who wear new clothes have them made with half the material; those who wear old clothes are making two robes out of one. The cult of thinness is universal. On the stage, on the picture postcard, the kinematograph, the advertisement, everywhere. Teutons are dwindling out tremendously; and soon they'll be as thin as their beef, which notoriously, and much to its shame, never bears upon its edge the faintest trace of fat. The cult of thinness is visible. You see it in the streets. Two years ago if an extraordinarily fat lady with an *ueppige Bueste* marched down Tauentzienstrasse making the asphalt crack, every man in sight turned and stared admiringly. Staring is no offence in Germany; and some of these ladies were so built that you couldn't help staring at them unless you shut your eyes. To-day young men stare admiringly at thin women; sometimes at women so thin that you can't see them even when you stare.

TRUE PATERNAL PRIDE

The German Crown Prince snapshotted at the recent manœuvres with his second son, Prince Louis Ferdinand

Herr Strickschnur's Economy

The fashionable advertisements which in Germany, as in England, reflect the national idea are full of thinness. Formerly the Sunday *Lokal-Anzeiger* (Sunday, as in America, is big advertisement day) published prints of enormous ladies in Herr Strickschnur's corsets. Now they publish thin women in thin corsets. This is a saving to Herr Strickschnur, because formerly a single lady took a whole page, whereas now she takes only a column; and the rest of the page is consecrated to—but consult any washing bill. And the art shops are full of beautiful, slim-looking maidens, with long trains, long hair, and long noses.

Slim Matrons and Backfisches

Everyone's thin. Even the middle-class *Backfisches* (*Anglice*, flappers) who parade Tauentzienstrasse at five have sharp edges, and their formerly rotund approachability has grown cutting. Before, what with enormous matrons and barrelled *Bachfisches*, there was no room on any German pavement. Folks were so fat that the city widened Friedrichstrasse sidewalk. It did this provisionally by adding a wooden three feet to the existing walk. When people grew thin they removed the extension; and now they're widening the roadway instead. The thinned Berliners fit beautifully into the old narrow sidewalk; and who knows, some day Berlin's horses may broaden out.

Less Avoir du Poids Less Business

Naturally the cult of thinness hits certain trades. Shops with irreducible garments cannot sell them, or they sell them at half price to bubbly maid-servants, who so far contemptuously reject the emaciating thinnovation. The courtyards of drapers' shops are choked with ends from leather belts. That means loss. But worst sufferer of all is the Berlin Bystander's friend, Herr Trinkbeutel, who sells "Dickemach; Will Make You Fat in a Week," a miraculous specific for rounding out skinny *naiads* of twelve stone ten into presentable athletic *Junos* of fifteen stone nine. Trinkbeutel once had a multitudinous *clientèle*; and made an income, he said, of £8,000 a year.

A Proposition for Herr Trinkbeutel

Last week he growled to the Berlin Bystander that business is dead. He had 117,000 bottles of Dickemach on hand, each with a sale value of five marks. That meant a loss of £20,000. "I tried," he lamented, "to sell them as sauce, as furniture polish, as manure for balcony flowers; and I've spent four hundred marks on relabelling. What would an Englishman do under the circumstances? What would you do?"

"Sell them as 'Duennemach: Will Make You Thin in a Week.'"

Some Reasons

Herr Trinkbeutel gave a dozen reasons for the cult of thinness. The Directoire dress, Herr Pachtner's lectures on æsthetics, the charm of the Crown Princess's thinness, the woe of Eitel Friedrich's fatness. When he had given half a dozen far-fetched reasons, he withdrew them all; and propounded a simple, material one.

"It's the dearness of food," said Trinkbeutel.

"It's the dearness of cloth," opined the Berlin Bystander.

"If food grows any dearer," said Trinkbeutel, "they'll go about without flesh."

"If cloth gets any dearer," said the Berlin Bystander, "they'll go about without clothes."

The Queen of Capitals

PEEPS AT VIENNA, WHICH WAS LATELY TH

A VIENNESE FRUIT SELLER

THE HOFBURG SQUARE
It was in the Hofburg that the great official receptions were held

VIENNESE WORKING WOM

A MARKET WOMAN SHELLING PEAS

ONE OF THE QUAINT

Vienna, where have been gathered recently from all parts of the civilised world the greatest as well as many of the humblest members of the Roman Catholic Church, has not altogether unjustly been called "the Queen of Capitals." Certain it is that there is a peculiar beauty and picturesqueness in the Austrian capital's situation, and much that is quaint and historically interesting in its streets, by-ways, and buildings. Who has been to Vienna without carrying away pleasant memories of the wide and fine Kärntnerstrasse, along which the great procession of prelates, priests, and pilgrims made its way on entering Vienna; the charm of the Graben shops, with the historically interesting Pest monument; the picturesque Hohermarkt,

n Her Homelier Moods

E SCENE OF THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

THE VOTIVE CHURCH
One of the most beautiful buildings in Vienna

A HUNGARIAN PEDLAR WITH VIENNESE POLICEMAN IN THE BACKGROUND

DEN RETURNING HOME

OX-CARTS IN VIENNA

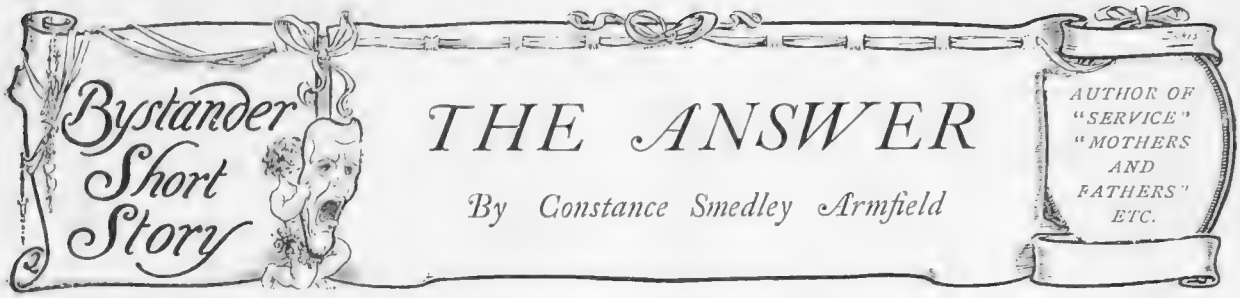
STATUARY ON THE FOUNTAIN OUTSIDE THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

with its beautiful fountain; the wide and airy quays along the banks of the Vienna Danube Canal, with the cafés and quaint types of loafing humanity? Art treasures there are galore. Some enshrined in public and private museums; some in the guise of beautiful buildings, churches, monuments, fountains, and gardens that all may see. Then there is St. Stephen's Cathedral, somewhat unhappily crowded in by environing houses, but nevertheless beautiful and impressive. There are the historic Hofburg, the Imperial Opera House in which one can hear some of the finest music in Europe, and a host of other memories to carry one back to Vienna by the Danube, whose life and types are of ever-living interest

[Photographs by Clive Holland]

"GOSSIP OVER A DISH OF TEA"

BY G. JENNIS



THE ANSWER

By Constance Smedley Armfield

AUTHOR OF "SERVICE" "MOTHERS AND FATHERS" ETC.

"I WAS just going to have tea. You'll stay, won't you?"

Her guest settled himself on the sofa, and she opened the letters she had picked up on her way through the hall.

"The Red Cross! Another committee meeting. . . . I suppose you despise Nursing Associations?"

"I think they're a waste of time for some people."

"Meaning me!" Mrs. Lucas smiled in her vague, indifferent manner. She was approaching forty, slight in figure, and elegantly gowned. Her eyes had a faintly dissatisfied expression, which discounted the composed air of her bearing.

The room gave evidence of a cultured taste; it was long and low and furnished in Morris cretonne and pleasantly occupied with the open piano and littered writing-desk and many books and *bibelots*.

. . . "Lady Minting's garden-party! Isn't it extraordinary that Charles likes that sort of thing? . . . Ah, from my Bobbie." Her face had lightened. "Poor Bobbie, he's at Osborne; it was that or Sandhurst. The Navy doesn't seem quite so bad, do you think?"

"I suppose human butchery is the purpose of every institution that has to do with war."

"You have no mercy."

"Pardon me. My gospel is love of humanity."

"In the abstract."

"And individually. Why do you think I come here?"

Mrs. Lucas caught her breath with a warning start. The butler was bringing in the tea-tray.

They spoke of her flowers while he arranged the table. When the door closed, Mrs. Lucas poured out tea, somewhat self-consciously. The young man had left the sofa and was standing looking down on her.

"Why do you think I come here?" he demanded.

"I hope, because we're friends."

"I'm not friends with this." He indicated the surroundings with a contemptuous gesture. "I come to see the woman who's imprisoned here. Locked up in this." He put out his hand and touched her wedding ring, withdrawing as he felt her wince.

He returned to the sofa and sat stirring his cup, the cleft between his eyebrows deep in the shadow. It was a thoughtful yet impatient face, full of arrogance and restlessness.

The woman only saw the reckless courage in the swing of the young shoulders. She had been attracted the first day they met. He had taken rooms at a cottage in her district: the old woman was loud in her praises of the writing gentleman from London. She recognised his name as the author of poems she had noticed, and when he had come into the kitchen she had spoken to him. He walked up the lane with her; and came to tea next day to see the garden.

She knew he had stayed on because she needed him. There was no one in the neighbourhood who cared for reading, or could enter into her interests at all. Her husband was a man of independent means; a leading light in local matters; President of the golf club; genial and popular.

The boy and two girls were at boarding-school. Romney possessed no educational facilities.

Mrs. Lucas had been very much alone. She was a woman of unusual capacity, and had not been satisfied with the comfortable, well-fed existence that demanded nothing from her intellectual self. But she had not dared to think what Owen Hatchard put in words.

"What use are you here?" said Hatchard, looking on the carpet. He was angry with himself, too, because the elegance of the woman's setting and her air of distinction appealed to him, and he resented her attraction. He was used to dominating, absolutely.

"Not much," said Mrs. Lucas, bitterness welling up.

"Then why stay when the world has need of you?"

"My husband has to have a comfortable home, and there are the children," said Mrs. Lucas. She was fighting back the almost uncontrollable desire that had been besetting her recently. If she were only free to step outside the narrow country life into the maëlstrom where all that was good and noble and courageous in humanity grappled with the elements that dragged down and abased.

"Perhaps they'd have a better chance of growing if they weren't so comfortable," said Hatchard, throwing a blindingly revealing light upon the problem, as usual. "Comfort's not the best thing you can give to people; it's very bad for most; it drugs them."

"But I promised to honour and obey," said the woman.

She was talking to herself rather than to him. His words rang true, terribly so. It seemed a worthy sacrifice to turn from her home, with its few responsibilities, to the strenuous field of impersonal causes; it seemed like a great renunciation, a noble martyrdom.

"You can only honour what is worth honouring," said Hatchard, in a harsh, fierce voice. "If you've made a mistake, you can't keep on deluding yourself when you've wakened to the truth. You're wasted here, and you know it. It's only cowardice that prevents you from coming out."

"But the children couldn't come back for the holidays and find no one here. Charles has to have his dinner every night. I know it all sounds petty, but they don't deserve to suffer," said Mrs. Lucas, staring wide-eyed through the window.

"Perhaps they'd do something worth while if you set them the example," said Hatchard between his teeth. He was fighting the powers of home and family that sought to keep *his* captive tied. The cause of Socialism needed noble, sincere souls like hers.

"Leave here. Come to London," said the woman

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in a far-away voice. She sat motionless, with half-closed eyes. "What would Bobbie do if he brought a friend back and there was no one to think of their amusement? What would Lucy and Rosamond do with no one to get their autumn outfit and send them back to school?"

"I'm going on Monday; I came up to tell you," said Hatchard, despising himself for using such a weapon, and defying his own feeling of disgust.

"Going," said Mrs. Lucas, with a start which she suppressed the fraction of a second too late.

Their eyes met—and stayed, looking at each other.

"Help me," she prayed; not to the boy upon the sofa now, but to the far-off God whom the Psalmist said was an ever present help in time of trouble. Surely, He knew she wanted to do right?

What was right, though? Here was a suffering world, with so few who cared or wished to aid its hurt; and here was she, eager and longing to join forces with the army of helpers to which the boy belonged.

She felt that he was noble; his poems thrilled with indignation at the wrongs of the Downtrodden and the Poor. If there was a Power that made her want good, that power must be able to make her see what was good. But the mist rose up whichever way she looked; blinding suggestions, reasons, pictures, baffling and perplexing her until she felt she had lost all power of decision.

Something was drawing her to the boy upon the sofa; his ruddy hair, his brown, fierce face, his lithe young figure had a terrible fascination. But all he stood for, the life of freedom and of striving—surely that was good; just as the orderly life her family delighted in was cramped and selfish?

"Oh, if there's a God, help me to do what's right," she breathed to herself, voicelessly.

The boy looked over his shoulder with a sudden start.

"Charles," said Mrs. Lucas, and rose up and pressed the bell hastily.

"Am I to see you again?" said the boy in a fierce whisper.

"I don't know; I expect so; I'll let you know," said she. She was released from the need of thinking for the moment. Charles was bringing someone in for tea.

But the idea of leaving was now a possibility.

In the week that followed she woke anew to the lack of understanding between her husband and herself. She had accepted it in a dull fashion, as an inevitable part of her conditions, but now his indifference glared at her.

Sometimes he scarcely heard her when she spoke.

She awoke also to the fact that Charles was old. She had not realised his hair was turning grey; his bearing had lost its jaunty spring. His geniality was fading too. He was irritable, unreasonably so.

She did not see Hatchard again. Trivial incidents occurred to keep her occupied; and he left on the Saturday, unexpectedly.

The blank grew worse as the days passed. She had nothing to look forward to now, unless she boldly took her future in her hands and stepped out from the secure position, the luxury, the idleness.

She was shaken one day by an unaccountable scene at the breakfast-table. Charles spoke rudely to her in the presence of the servant; she had never been addressed like that in all her sheltered life.

Suddenly her martyrdom appeared unbearable.

That day a letter came from Hatchard. Oh! how he understood her wretchedness! She read and re-read it, pressing the paper to her face. She had a little money of her own. When financial independence was hers, why stay to be insulted and neglected?

She went up to her room and knelt for some time, crying out to the Unknown Power that made her want to do right—oh, with all her heart.

If what she was going to do proved wrong she must pay for it. If there were a God who knew, He would know she had done the best she could; if there wasn't any Conscious God and life was blind and meaningless, so much the worse.

She opened the door of her wardrobe with a touch that was singularly composed, and began to lay her dresses out upon the bed.

She would take the simplest ones; her plans were nebulous, but they would never formulate down here.

She set out her suit-case, hardening her heart against the old associations it inspired. The love of travelling was the one thing she had in common with her husband.

This year they had not been away, however. Charles had been kept by local doings. He hadn't considered her; hadn't seemed to hear when she suggested ....

Charles!

She recognised his tread upon the corridor and stood breathless, staring with fear-stricken eyes at the moving door.

Yes; it was Charles.

Charles, white-faced, queer-looking.

Had he guessed then?

"I want you a minute."

His voice was dry and toneless.

"Yes?"

He remained by the door, fingering the handle indecisively.

"I've got bad news."

The children! Quick the thought flashed that a judgment had already come.

How could she ever have dreamed of leaving the home they came to; the home they looked forward to throughout the three long terms each year.

What was he muttering? Something about shares and ruin. Ruin!

Was that all!

He had lost money; all his money; had been speculating. Something had failed.

"Oh, I thought something had happened to the children," said she, and he met the gaze of a reprieved criminal.

"You don't mean to say," said he, and stretched out his hand with a groping gesture and came a step or two forward. "There's nothing but the little you have," he repeated in a blind, helpless sort of way. "Mine's all gone. Do you understand?"

"Oh, my dear," said she, and went to him to comfort.

He had worried in silence; had tried to shut the trouble from them all. This must have been coming on for some time; and she had magnified his shortcomings in an orgie of self-pity which the reckless friendship with the boy had fanned.

"You don't mind," said he. "Oh, you are good. I felt I couldn't tell you. I thought you'd take it badly. It's the children. We've got to bring the little beggars up. That's what started me investing. I wanted to give them everything they wanted. But

(Continued on page 656)

The Abstract Made Concrete

SOME CHARACTERS IN "EVERYWOMAN," THE DRURY LANE "MORALITY"

EVERYWOMAN—GOWNED IN A STYLE APPROVED BY YOUTH AND BEAUTY (MODESTY HAVING RETIRED HURT)

Photographs *Lenkiam and Barnold*

HOW MODESTY, BEAUTY, AND YOUTH LOOK AT DRURY LANE

Misses Jessie Winter, Gladys Cooper, and Patricia Collings in the "Morality" melodrama of "Everywoman." Modesty has, of course, only a small part, as in some of the scenes of realism she would be distinctly in the way

(Continued from page 654)

now . . . what are we to do? It's all gone, every penny!"

"We're going to have tea," said his wife, who was beside him now. She took his arm, smiling into his eyes.

He was giving her treasure greater than the gold of Indies—his trust, his love. It sounded through each word he uttered. He was turning to her like a child in his need.

"You've courage," said he, gripping her hand and looking down on her. How lined and grey he was; but the simple, straightforward, blue eyes were still his.

"Oh, my dear, I've you," said she, and suddenly laid her head upon his shoulder and held him close. Had she ever thought of leaving her all in life? Her husband, children, home?

If she had gone and this had come to them!

"Come down and have tea," she said. "You look as if you need something."

"Yes; I've had no lunch. I've been to the bank to see if there was any hope. But there isn't."

"While there's life there's hope," said his wife, laughing softly at the truism, as if the tragedy were not a tragedy at all, but a mere commonplace. "We'll talk over things downstairs. This room's so dark."

"What are you doing?" said the man, looking round in dawning wonder.

"Clearing out," said the woman. "Come along! We've got to plan now what's best to be done. There mustn't be a fuss. The children mustn't have our worries."

"But how can we . . ."

"Hush! That's what we've got to think out."

They were going down the broad stair, arm-in-arm.

"You have nerve," he said again.

How could he know that she set no value on the ease and leisure money brought?

Now . . . would she have to work? Would they both have to?

"The house will have to go. The children must come home," said Charles, fear and misery surging up again as he looked round the comfortable room.

"The girls will," said Mrs. Lucas, with a sudden light. "Oh, Charles, I do thank God they'll have to be busy. If this hadn't come they'd have stayed on at that fashionable school, with nothing to think about but the good time they'd have when they came out. Now I shall have them with me. The servants must go; but why the house? It's not so very large; and I'm strong, and have nothing to do all day. I need work."

"But you couldn't run it—you!" Her husband was staring at her in her trailing gown, her jewelled chain, her soft white hands.

"I could, indeed. It's ours. We pay no rent. And there are still my two hundred. And there's you."

Photograph *Pool and Co.*

MISS JOSEPHINE LA BARTE

Who gives songs at the piano, preceding the new play, "A Scrape o' the Pen," at the Comedy Theatre

Her eyes lit up delightfully. "Why, dearest, there'll be any amount of positions offered you when people know you want one. You've so many friends. Oh, my dear, I'm so glad now you've made so many. Who was it said that friends were the best capital a man could have?"

"He made a mistake." Her husband looked down, with set mouth. "A wife is," he muttered. "Oh, Rhoda! What you've been to-day! I'd thought . . . of ending it. You make me feel such a cur . . . ."

"No—no—you don't know what you've done. Oh, my dearest, I was mad, and you've wakened me. I was packing to go away. I was so tired of doing nothing."

"Nothing?" The man set down his tea-cup on the sofa, staring in sheer surprise.

"I thought you didn't care any more—that I wasn't needed. Then you came, and I found out why you hadn't been telling me things. Do you understand why I'm so happy?" On her face was the bright childlike smile which only her children and her husband ever saw. He sat looking at her, as if he, too, were waking.

"I thought it would worry you."

"I know! But I thought we'd grown away from one another."

He gazed at the piano and the books in a puzzled way.

"I don't understand the things you like; don't pretend to."

"You understand the children." How she smiled!

"Oh, the young 'uns. Poor little beggars."

"Hush. We're going to look after them. We're strong and capable. They'll mean much more to us now we've got to think and plan and work for them."

She had to be brave, for he was still shaken; he hadn't had anything lifted from him; the news to him had been a weight descending. She must be strong enough for both.

And she could be.

They strolled into the garden and walked up and down, consulting, arm-in-arm. His simplicity and desire to do all that he could shone out to her like a beautiful light. There was no pride in him—no self-pity.

He had been in an agony of fear for her sake and the children's; but now his wife was by his side, proved metal, a firm partner.

Quietly the evening sunshine rested on them, its peace reflected in her eyes. More—a deep, almost an awestruck gratitude was there.

As they paced over the grass, united, one, with grave issues before them, but ready to endure and conquer, it came to her that her prayer had been answered.

CONSTANCE SMEDLEY ARMFIELD

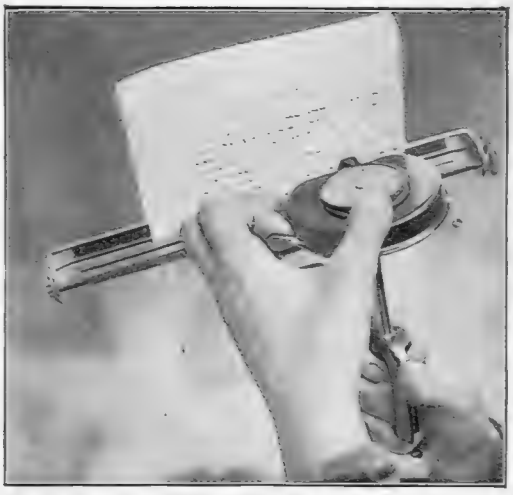
CURIOSITIES FROM PICTORIALITIES VARIOUS COUNTRIES

FOR MOTORING NOMADS

A motor caravan fitted up with every requirement for a long journey. It contains a dining-room, a bedroom and a kitchen, and the caravan will be a competitor at the approaching Rally of St. Sebastian

AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY MEANS OF ROCKETS

The latest way of having your portrait taken is by a camera in the air. The camera is projected from its stand like a rocket, as shown in the first picture, and while in the air it takes a photograph of the group, with results as shown in the second

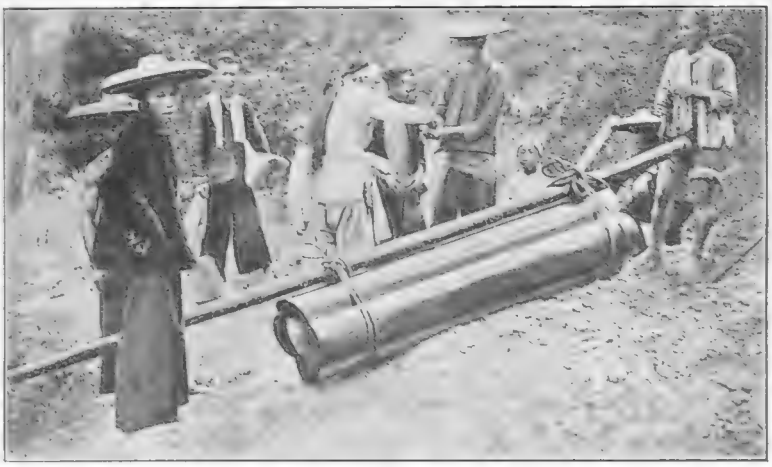


A WAISTCOAT-POCKET TYPEWRITER

An extraordinary writing-machine, invented by a young German, which has just been put on the market in Berlin. The typewriter can actually be placed in the waistcoat pocket, and writes perfectly

WHERE DONKEYS WEAR THE TROUSERS

A snapshot in the Ile de Ré, the fortified island which lies off La Rochelle, showing a peasant leaving for the fields. For many hundreds of years it has been the custom of the island to encase the legs of the local donkeys in trousers



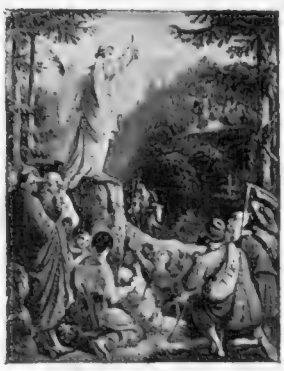
HOW THE CHINESE BURY THEIR DEAD

In the above picture, which shows the funeral of a Chinaman of the poorer classes, the curious shaped coffin is seen slung on a pole before being interred. The man whose eyes are bandaged is a relative of the deceased, and he is here seen performing the remarkable custom of paying the flute-player, who marches before the hearse discoursing wild music on the road to the cemetery. Throughout China white is the sign of mourning

Baden-Baden and Its Frescoes

Burkhard Keller von Iburg

Mummelsee



Die Engels u. Teufels-Kanzel

Der Gratensprung

[The various legends will be found described in the article below]

MASTERPIECES OF LEGENDARY ART IN THE TRINKHALLE

THOSE who know the beauty of Baden Baden in its summer blaze of geranium and of rose, with the gentle little river running beneath its bridges, and the fashionable crowd promenading, with or without its tumblers of healing water, to the strains of one of the best open-air orchestras in Germany, are not likely to forget the remarkable frescoes, fourteen of them, along the inner wall of the Trinkhalle. I have met friends agape before these masterpieces of legendary art, and have realised that they had not drunk the water only with their dinner, for, in truth, some of the frescoes are trying if suddenly encountered on a full stomach. As the only published account of them obtainable on the spot is in the vernacular (which is almost as trying as the paintings themselves), a brief summary of the local legends dealt with by the artist may, perhaps, be of interest to English visitors. For the small but excellent reproductions of the originals I am indebted to the courteous Secretary of the Bureau de Renseignements.

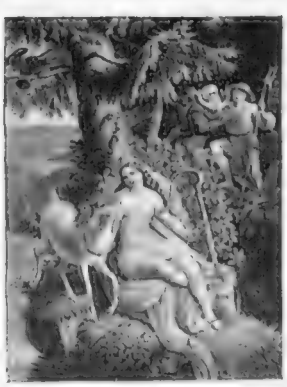
The first two are of kindred interest, since they represent those *vanished Venuses* who, like the Rhineland Lörelei, used to corrupt the morals of wayward knights and others, and generally proved the death of their admirers. I am not so ungallant as to suggest that Nature has broken the mould, but certain it is that the tourist who travels *en garçon* may search long and diligently in the Forest Glades, or on the shores of peat-stained lakes, without imperilling his immortal soul. In the first of the frescoes, we have Burkhard Keller von Iburg, the fickle young knight who, forgetting his plighted troth to Hilda von Eberstein, kissed a beautiful creature whom he met in the Black Forest at midnight and was found dead next morning. It then occurred to someone to dig up the earth on the spot, and they found a ruined temple and a broken statue of Venus. The gentle Hilda died of a broken heart. In the second painting we see the nefarious *nymphs of the Mummelsee*, whose philandering admirers used to drown by scores.

The third fresco takes for its inspiration a much more original subject. Not far from Baden are two high rocks, and it is said that one of these was once appropriated by the *Devil as a pulpit*. From it he preached heresy to the people, and, to gain his ends more quickly, he summoned the band of the First Brimstone Borderers, remembering, so the legend goes, that military music was sure to lure the women, and that the men would quickly follow. He was succeeding admirably when, at the invocation of the pious Count Ivo, an angel suddenly appeared on the other rock and preached the Devil out of countenance, winning this duel of words and banishing evil from Baden Baden. No doubt it has stayed away to this day. Anyhow, the rocks are still known as the Devil's and Angel's Pulpits. The next painting, which looks like a mediæval version of Marcus Curtius, shows Count Wolf of Eberstein *escaping from a Wurtemberg dungeon* by riding his horse over a precipice into the River Murg. I inspected the Murg, with a view to fishing,

Alt Eberstein

Die Geisterhochzeit zu Lauf

Baldreit



Die Nixe des Wildsees

Charles Dickens

You know Dickens—but do you know Schumann?

Robert Schumann

The genial creator of "Mark Tapley" and Samuel Weller" you surely know and love. His books have furnished you with hour after hour of amusement. But do you know Schumann—as great in music as Dickens in literature? Do you know the sweet, whispering notes of his "Traumerei" or the thrilling, martial air of his "Two Grenadiers." You can play these and thousands of other famous compositions on the Pianola Piano.

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The slices should be thoroughly rubbed out before filling pipe or pouch and you will then enjoy a pipe of

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

Regd. No. 154011.

"Beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking Tobacco."

but apparently it had not yet got over the disturbance, for its water was like pea-soup.

The fifth in the list shows the Castle of *Alt Eberstein* at the time when the Emperor Otho sought to seize it by treachery while its three young owners were his guests at a tourney. Fortunately, however, the youngest of them found favour in the eyes of the Emperor's daughter, who, in the mazes of the dance, warned him of his danger. The three brothers then rode away in the night, and were just in time to save their castle. I am afraid that the Ghostly Wedding is somewhat of a tribute to the power of Markgräfler, or some other *vin du pays*. For the wedding ceremony, in which a prelate (who could not possibly be mistaken for the Bishop of Hereford) is uniting in wedlock Bertha von Windeck and Kurt von Steine, was but a dream, from which Kurt awoke next morning at cockcrow to find that the chapel had vanished, while his horse stood cropping the grass and waiting till its master should be fit to resume his journey.

In like manner, Baldreit, the subject of the seventh fresco (which is not a caricature of M. de Reszke and Mlle. —— in the Balcony Scene from *Romeo*) is a flagrant advertisement of the medicinal virtues of the Baden Baden waters. It may be also that the somewhat twisted expression on the face of the Elector Palatine is likewise an eloquent tribute to the peculiar bouquet of that healing brew. He was, in fact, cured in a night, and if that meant no more need to drink the water, I congratulate him. He is seen in the painting riding away so soon (*i.e., Bald reit*) to the unconcealed disgust of the landlord, whose nightcapped head emerges from an upper window.

Number eight is another of those seductive visions that no longer, alas, form part of the many-sided attractions of the Black Forest. Here, amid the romantic scenery of Baden Baden, Immo von Wolfsburg, known to his generation as the "Wild Huntsman," was in the act of loosing an arrow on a snow-white buck when a lovely female, not overdressed, suddenly appeared beside the terrified animal. Dazzled by this unexpected apparition, the huntsman bends his knee and bows this head. When he looks up again both the lady and the buck have vanished into thin air. The moral for the sportsman is: one thing at a time. Anyway, the artist has evidently chosen the only interesting moment of the story. F. G. Aflalo

Lord Rossmore's Reminiscences

LAST Thursday week nearly every London newspaper gave one, two, and, in some cases, three columns to Lord Rossmore's *Things I Can Tell* (Nash: 10*s*. 6*d*. net), a fact which augurs well for this genial Irishman's reminiscences. I admit to some little surprise, however, in the matter—not because the book is not interesting—it is—but because from the literary point of view it is certainly of no very great importance. Lord Rossmore hopes to build a new road on his estate if the proceeds of his book will allow him to do so, and I for one hope that they will, but why the newspapers should give up column after column to a book which by no stretch of the imagination can be said to be more than a piece of light-hearted gossip passes my comprehension—or very nearly.

Too Much Discretion

There are, I know, numerous people who like nothing better than to read about other people whose names, for some reason or another, are generally to be found in the Society columns, and about such people Lord Rossmore writes in an intimate way. Some of his stories you will have heard before, but what matter? All I can say is: What a nuisance those tedious laws of libel are! How much more satisfactory it would be could Lord Rossmore have damned the consequences and told us the real truth about people and things. It is so charming to come across a real blazing indiscretion, which, to my mind, makes far better reading than a revolting murder or the very dull exploits of the Suffragettes. But this cannot be, I suppose, and so Lord Rossmore cannot be blamed for his discretion. Most of his yarns and vignettes have by now been copied into at least a dozen papers, so that there is no need for me to repeat any here, and his book recalls to my mind that admirable dictum: For those who like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing they will like. And good luck to the new Irish road.

Country Life

In *Larkmeadow* (Chatto and Windus: 6*s*.) Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall shows his knowledge of village life in East Anglia. To Larkmeadow comes Mr. Harraby Vasey, from London, with money in abundance, a rather pleasant if foolish son, leanings towards Radicalism and other attributes. He encloses a heath which has long been considered public land, and there follows trouble. It is difficult, and, perhaps, not altogether advisable, to attempt to convince village folk that the doctrines upon which they have been brought up cannot always stand the test of the law. Not all Mr. Vasey's attempts at peace will wipe out that initial action of his. He does not understand the natives, and one disaster follows another. He despises his more plebeian cousin, Robert, the farmer, and cannot understand that he will always be looked upon as an intruder. He forbids his son to marry Robert's daughter, and continues the fight until he is killed, metaphorically speaking, by ridicule. Not many Radicals can withstand ridicule.

A Delightful Book

Where Mr. Pickthall excels is in his descriptions of the natives themselves. The Dodman who sets fire to Mr. Vasey's house, the kind-hearted Atheist, the ex-policeman from London with views upon the proper duties of village councils—all stand out in a particularly distinct way. Indeed, of its kind

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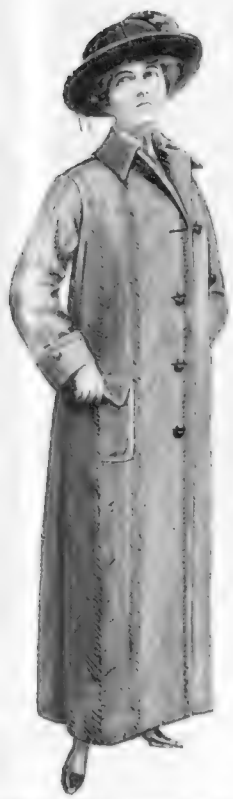

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Larkmeadow is about the cleverest book I know. Possibly there are too many characters—how often this occurs in a short book!—but Mr. Pickthall writes delightfully, and if his canvas is overladen, he may be forgiven.

"The Cumberland Letters"

That admirable book, *The Linleys of Bath*, finds a successor in *The Cumberland Letters* (Secker: 16*s*. net). Here Miss Clementina Black plays editress (is there such a word?) to the correspondence between two young brothers whom I dare swear not one in a thousand has ever heard of. Their name was Cumberland, and they lived over a hundred years ago. They were cousins of Richard Cumberland, the dramatist. The point of interest, however, lies, not so much in the identity of the young men as in the light thrown by their letters on contemporary domestic matters in the seventies and eighties of the eighteenth century. Richard Denison Cumberland was a Gloucestershire parson, George, his brother, an artistically inclined clerk, set down to his desk in a London assurance office. Richard went to Magdalene College, Cambridge, and his letters from that admirable home of learning, whence to-day Mr. Arthur Benson sends forth his many works, have an interest which many readers will share with Miss Black. The letters between the brothers, indeed, are of just that peculiar intimacy which after a long interval takes on qualities it may possibly have lacked at the time of composition.

MRS. ELIZABETH CUMBERLAND, AGED 62

TWO OF THE SILHOUETTE PORTRAITS ILLUSTRATING "THE CUMBERLAND LETTERS"

The volume, published by Secker (16*s*. net), is reviewed on this page

RICHARD DENISON CUMBERLAND, AGED 21

The Good Old Days

The Cumberlands did nothing—at least, in their younger days—out of the ordinary, but they lived at a time when dinner took place at one o'clock, when ballooning was invented, when posting a letter was an expensive and difficult business, when, too, the art of writing letters had not been reduced to its present appalling degeneration. Miss Black has by no means exhausted the correspondence in this volume, and there should be a sequel. Her book is admirably illustrated with silhouettes and engravings.

"Maggie of Margate"

Maggie of Margate (Stanley Paul: 6*s*.), by Gabrielle Wodnil, is curiously unequal. Her hero, a moneylender against his inclination, is admirably described. His sister, Mrs. Mendelssohn Finkelstein—luckily she is called Mrs. Mendle for short—one of those rich Jewesses who are never properly dressed unless they show diamonds on every portion of their anatomy, is equally convincing. And the friends who accept Mrs. Mendle's hospitality in a furnished house in Margate are pieces of very clever character-drawing; but the other people, who do not visit Margate, old English families we are told they are, are hopelessly out of the picture. Maggie herself is a cheerful enough person, but surely everyone must know her true identity long before Mrs. Mendle and the others suspect it? And the genealogy of her family is terribly muddled. The son of a baronet, moreover, is not necessarily either an Honourable or a Right Honourable, but Basil Fulkes Stewart-Hill is alternately one and the other in the book. What a pity that the story could not confine itself to Margate and the people who usually fill it in August and September!

School Stories

There are some amusing sketches of boy-life in *From a Pedagogue's Sketch Book* (Fisher Unwin: 5*s*. net), by F. R. G. Duckworth. Grave or gay, Mr. Duckworth can be interesting. His boys appear from the master's standpoint, and in the more serious passages he is keen to insist on the poor pay of assistant-masters. Probably his best story is that of the Fourth Angel, who takes one of those colourless men who have been assistant-masters for the best part of their lives, and in a dream shows him how things should be done. The little pieces were quite worth printing in book-form, and I daresay Mr. Duckworth could write a very good school story if he liked.

RALPH STRAUS

A Notable Series of Supplements

With the current number THE GRAPHIC is issuing the first of a series of Supplements, entitled "Art Treasures of the Nation." Although the contents of the National Gallery and other London Galleries are universally known, many are sadly ignorant of the treasures of our provincial and private, and even of the Edinburgh and Dublin National Galleries. It is THE GRAPHIC's aim to give a selection of the best of these pictures, beautifully reproduced in accordance with that journal's artistic reputation. The Supplement presented with this week's issue is devoted to the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool.

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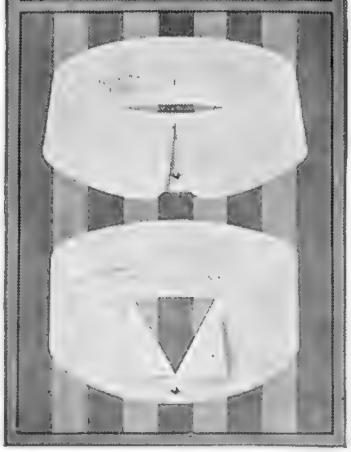

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Sports and Pastimes

GgolF

The Position at St. Andrews

There has been a great deal of loose talk during this summer about the state of matters at St. Andrews, not only in regard to the condition of the famous old course, but also as to the attitude of the Royal and Ancient Club towards the Town Council. When I read the lamentations of the various doleful Jeremiahs on the passing of the old course, I cast my mind back to an occasion about twenty years ago when I went up for the Spring Meeting. The course was then in a positively abominable condition, hard, bare, and, like the convivial natives on occasions, full of cups. Playing on it was like what playing would be on the wood pavement of Piccadilly towards the end of the season. But none of us had any fears for the future, for we knew what miraculous powers of recovery the course possessed. So it turned out, for when I returned in the early autumn of the same year for the meeting I found the links in superb condition, the bareness replaced by a lovely carpet of verdure. From all that I can hear from St. Andrews at the present moment, the experience I have related above has been repeated, and the old course has once more regained its normal condition. It has been sorely tried by the tropical weather of last year and the droughty spring which succeeded, but the inevitable rain put in a timely appearance and redressed matters. I do not think, therefore, we need worry our heads about the state of the links. Having survived the direst trial to which any course could be subjected, it is not likely to succumb in the future.

The Club and the Town

I turn, therefore, to a more serious matter—one on which the fortunes of St. Andrews depend almost as much as they do on the proper condition of its courses. The negotiations between the Club and the Town Council for settling the question of a tariff on the old course have not yet been brought to a successful issue. To judge from a paragraph which went the round of the papers, some members of the Club were so disgusted with this *impasse* that they proposed to table a motion asking the Club to threaten the Town Council with the possibility of the Royal and Ancient leaving St. Andrews and setting up its "lares and penates" elsewhere. This statement may be dismissed as an idle "canard," to which no credence need be given. Even, to suppose the improbable, were such a motion tabled, it would not have the slightest chance of acceptance, and would be defeated by an overwhelming majority.

Ridiculous Nonsense

How anyone acquainted with the history of the Royal and Ancient Club could treat this rumour with anything but contempt passes comprehension. I have seen an article by one eminent writer in which he compares the position of the R. and A. to that of the Hon. Co. who have had successively to move from Leith to Musselburgh, and from Musselburgh finally to Muirfield. But there is no analogy between the two positions. There would be if the Hon. Co. had difficulties at Muirfield and had to contemplate leaving it. But the Royal and Ancient has been planted at St. Andrews ever since its inception in 1754 with the finest course in the world at its front door so to speak. The Club is as much part of St. Andrews as the University. To talk of its leaving St. Andrews is to talk ridiculous nonsense. Practically speaking, the Club and the Town Council are at the present moment in the position described by the Latin poet: *nec sine te nec tecum vivere possum.* But this indissoluble marriage between Club and Town makes it all the more incumbent on the principals to settle their squabble and come to a proper *modus vivendi.* The Club has always been ready for an honourable and reasonable settlement, but the Town has never had the courage to disregard the small lodging-house keepers who make their harvest from the hordes of trippers.

Ernest Lehmann

Photograph *Sport and General*

IRISH OPEN AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT NEWCASTLE, CO. DOWN

The Championship was played for on the extremely picturesque links at Newcastle, Co. Down, and resulted in a win for the Scottish player, Mr. Gordon Lockhart, of Prestwick St. Nicholas, who beat Mr. P. G. Jenkins in the final, 11 and 9. The photograph shows Mr. L. Munn and Mr. Lockhart putting on the 9th green in the semi-final, when the latter beat his opponent, 2 and 1

Shooting: All About Guns

Gunmakers

I am often asked my opinion as to which is the best gunmaker to go to by those desirous of entering the field of shooting. Whatever I may reply verbally is one thing, but to write it is quite another. I cannot obviously state here whom I consider the best maker, though I am of opinion there is not much to choose between those whose names are so well known. There are, perhaps, a dozen well-known London makers whose work is of the best, and to any of these a beginner can safely go and feel certain he is putting himself in good hands. These makers will not palm off rubbish on an inexperienced man. They are above such tricks, which are those of inferior makers who are anxious to sell anything they can.

The Price and—

I am also asked, "What ought I to pay for a gun?" This depends on what you intend to do. If you are only going to pot a rabbit or two occasionally, a cheap gun will do very well. Say £10. If you intend to shoot a few times in a season—perhaps an odd day here and there at partridges or at pheasant shoots to which you are asked—then I should purchase one costing from £20 to £35. But if you intend to shoot hard all the season, and to shoot away from 5,000 to 20,000 cartridges a year, then you *must* have the very best weapon money can buy. The wear and tear on a gun which fires off several hundred cartridges a day is very great, and, therefore, it is essential that the workmanship and material are of the highest. A maker with a name that is well known will charge for this class of gun from £40 to £80 or guineas. It may sound expensive, but I have found expensive guns the most economical in the long run.

Photograph *Sport and General*

EN ROUTE FOR LUNCH

A pretty walk up the valley before lunch, on the occasion of Sir Thos. Pilkington's recent grouse drive over the Swindon and Lady Cross Moors, Yorkshire

—Care of a Gun

Guns *must* be taken proper care of, and frequently sent to the makers to look over. Careless and insufficient cleaning and oiling will do more harm to a gun than an infinity of shooting. Wet gets into locks, which can only be treated by opening them up and getting at the parts. This is not work for amateurs to attempt, and I make it a point always to send my guns to the makers after a drenching day's shoot. A good idea regarding gun and game licences is to gum them into the lid of one's gun-case. I find that nine times out of ten I go out shooting and leave my licence behind, and thus, if I am asked to produce it, I can only show my card. If, however, the licence is securely gummed into the gun-case, one can immediately proceed to the gun-cart and show the inspector that one has not defrauded the Exchequer. LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

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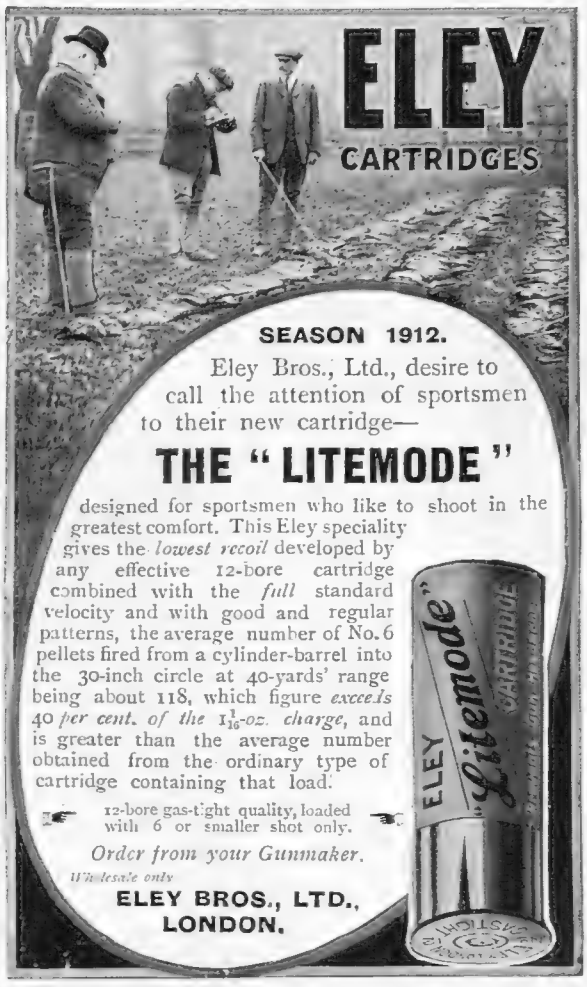

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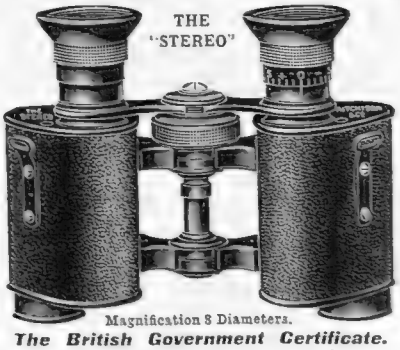

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Yachting in 1912. A Brief Retrospect

THE FAIR SEX AT THE HELM

The Burnham Yacht Club recently held an interesting race for 24-foot and 6-mètre class yachts, which was won by Miss Schonewald with "White Heather," a photograph of which is reproduced above

YACHTING

The yachting season, like the seasons of a good many other outdoor pastimes, was spoilt to a great extent by the bad weather after opening with every prospect of being one of the best on record. The trouble began during the Clyde races, when two of the nineteen-mètre boats were dismasted, and continued until after Cowes week, so that, with no prospect of drier and less boisterous weather, many of the racing fleet went into winter quarters some weeks before the customary date. In the series of duels between the two big cutters, *Shamrock* and *White Heather*, Sir Thomas Lipton's boat, besides being splendidly handled, proved the faster boat all round, especially in light winds. *Shamrock* won twenty-three races as against *White Heather's* six. In the next class, the "nineteens," *Octavia*, steered by her owner, Mr. W. P. Burton, was the champion of the four, though there was really nothing in it between her and Mr. A. K. Stothert's *Mariquita*. These two were appreciably better than *Norada* and *Corona*. But it was left for the 15-mètre class to furnish *the* striking success of the year, in *Istria*, designed by Nicholson for Mr. C. C. Allom. In thirty-six starts she gained no fewer than thirty-two prizes, twenty-two of which were firsts. In the smaller classes, Mr. A. F. Sharman Crawford's *Ierne* (12 mètres), Sir Ralph Gore's *The Truant* (8 mètres), Mr. F. A. Richards's *Ginevra* (7 mètres), and Captain R. T. Dixon's *Jonquil* (6 mètres) were the champions.

MRS. STANLEY STRAKER

Who successfully piloted "Merrymaid" into second place in the ladies' race

LAWN TENNIS

Eastbourne

After one of the worst summers on record, the lawn tennis season has ended, comparatively speaking, in a blaze of glory. Despite the discouraging experiences of the previous month, the Eastbourne Tournament has eclipsed its own stupendous record in the matter of entries, and it has had its usual good luck in the matter of weather. So huge was the programme that one trembles to think what would have happened if the first half of September had been as rainy as the last half of August. The tournament would have been going on still. As it was, all the championship and level events were finished off within the first week—a triumph of hustling—and all the handicaps were over by Wednesday last.

They Grumble—And Still They Come

And yet people grumbled. It is one of the unsolved mysteries of lawn tennis history that people enter, literally in their hundreds, for Eastbourne year after year, and then proceed to start grumbling at its size. One hears more grumbles over the Eastbourne Tournament than over any other tournament in the kingdom, although it is "run" about as well as it possibly could be, having regard to the colossal problem with which its organisers are faced. Eastbourne, in short, is such a popular tournament that its very popularity becomes a drawback; but I doubt very much whether the man who ventured to prophesy that its popularity will wane on that account would be prepared to back his opinion for anything like a substantial sum. As regards the play, the tournament furnished quite a triumph for A. H. Lowe, who figured in three of the principal finals, won two of them, and divided the third. The fact that his brother, "F. G.," sailed during the tournament with the other members of the English Davis Cup team for Australia evidently inspired him to do great things. The family honour, in the absence of the elder brother, was in his keeping, and right worthily did he uphold it.

H. S. S.

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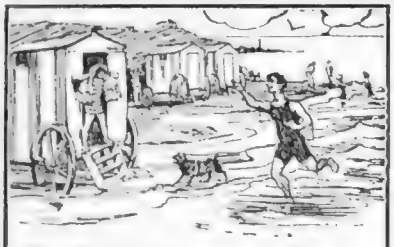

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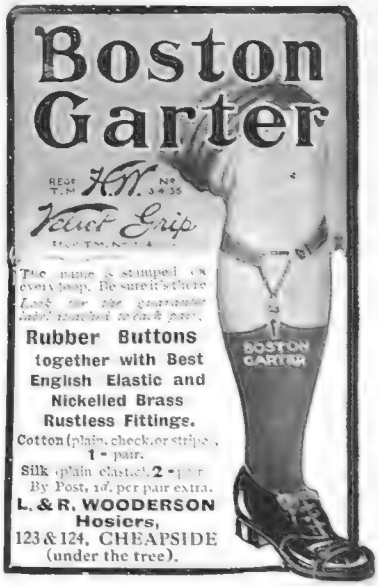

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RACING: The Newbury Cup. By CARBINE

The Autumn Season

We have now approached one of the most breathless stages of the racing season. Big handicaps follow each other in quick succession, and many owners and trainers, thinking of the profitless winter months ahead, are anxiously endeavouring to bring off at least one good *coup* before the last flat race of the year is run. I have frequently noticed that one or two stables have a run of luck in the closing months of the season. You will remember that Fallon started to carry many things before him at this advanced stage of the season last year. This season, I think the Whatcombe establishment, admirably presided over by Mr. R. C. Dawson, is one worth following. Since the stable was strengthened by the addition of young Mr. Stern's horses it has blossomed forth quite in its old form, and frequent successes during the past two months have made the Ring fully aware that the establishment has returned to form. There is quite a possibility of the stable carrying off one of the big autumn races with such good material as Irish Marine and Lady Eileen to work with.

This Week's Big Race

This week the best racing will be seen at Newbury. The nut to crack on Friday will be the Newbury Autumn Cup, which may provide us with a pointer for the Cesarewitch, just as it did in Demure's year. Jackdaw, whose fine form at Ascot is a pleasant memory, may not find top-weight too much for him. Greenback has been too long on the shelf for us to fancy him here, and Tullibardine is a bit uncertain. Balscadden must have a great chance if we agree to wipe out his Doncaster failure, which is attributed to bad ground. Irish Marine gets a penalty for his Windsor success, but he won so easily that it may not stop him here if he represents his stable in place of Mohacz. My idea of the race is that if you take **Irish Marine** and **Balscadden** as each way investments you will not go far wrong.

Other Selections

At Hurst Park on Wednesday the Stewards' Nursery may be won by **Pat's Pet,** and **Emerald Ring** is likely to score at this meeting in the race selected for him. On Thursday **Absurd** ought to secure the Autumn Yearling Plate. On the opening day at Newbury I shall expect **Wherryman** to take the Donnington Castle Plate, and for the Foal Stakes on the same afternoon my selection is **Vauban,** providing this handsome colt has fully recovered from the mishap which interrupted his active career during the summer. In his absence I should take **Hornbeam** to win this good stake. There will be an excellent Saturday programme for Newbury, and **Maycup** is regarded as something like a good thing for the Highclere Nursery. The Lambourn Welter may be the right journey for **Feramorz,** while in the Kingsclere Stakes **Hector** does not appear to have a particularly formidable job.

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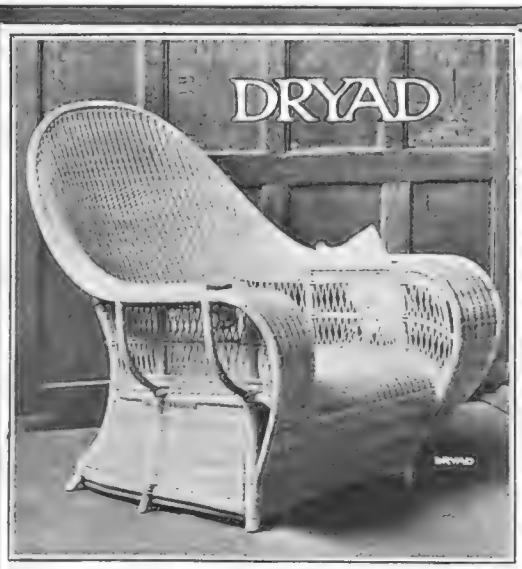

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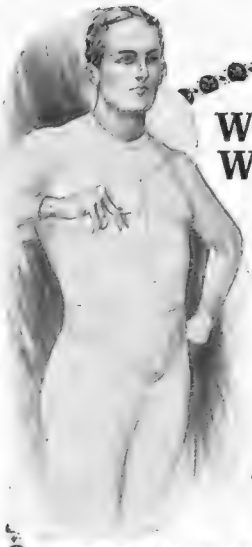

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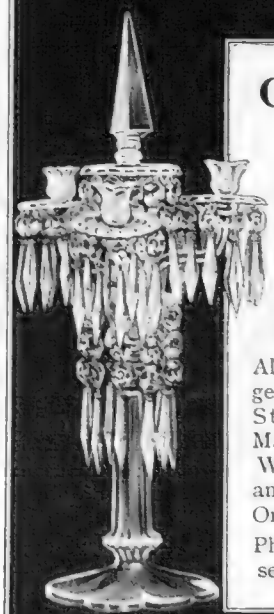

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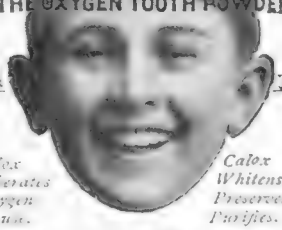

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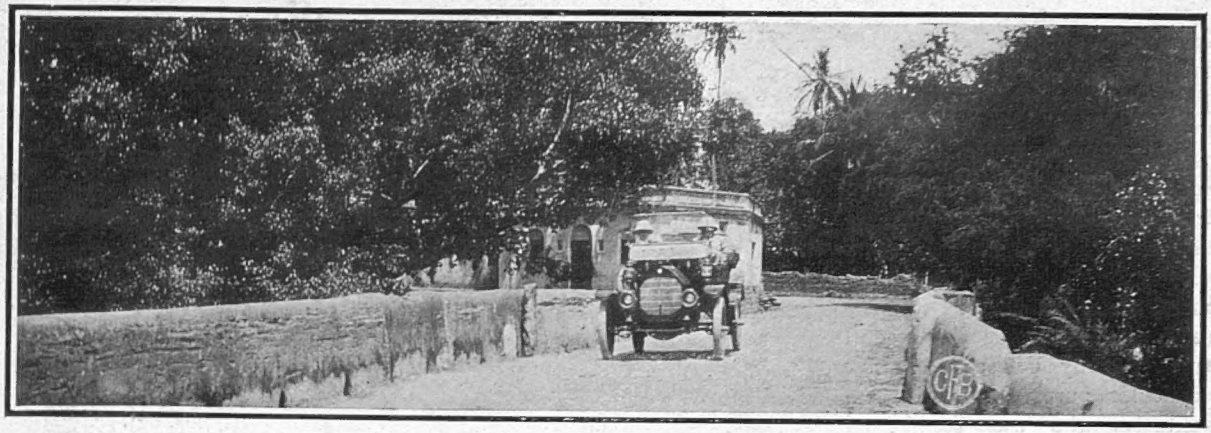

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MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Concerning Co-operative Cars

I gather that the meeting of British Motor-Car Manufacturers, recently held at the instance of the *Daily Express*, did not result in any definite scheme for the co-operative production of a cheap British car to compete with the alien product. The idea was the possibility of a kind of joint stock concern specialising upon a single model, equal in quality and price to anything that may come into the country from abroad, but with the advantage of being a home industry. The other things being equal, the origin of the car would be a guarantee of its success in competition. The meeting desired an expression of opinion from the trade. That expression of opinion was forthcoming, and was very mixed. Lacking unanimity, the proposal to form a £500,000 company for the purpose fell. We have the *status quo*, and for the present, if we want a £150-£200 four-cylinder car, we shall have to get it from America.

The Question of Tariffs

The majority view seems to be that a tariff is the only way to meet foreign competition. Then it has to be a 50 per cent. tariff—or something very near. The car-consumer may not feel very enthusiastic about that. He does not want his car to cost him more, but less. I doubt very much whether it would be of great service to the industry. If the £150 car becomes £200 or more, the cheap car consumer must motor less or motor not at all. It certainly may tend to arrest the marked tendency of the one-time comparatively dear car consumer to content himself with a cheaper vehicle; but the extent to which he would be prepared to increase his annual motoring expenditure is very problematical. In this matter, as in all else economical, the demand for a car revolves finally around the cost of living. Prices cannot rise above a broadly fixed level. If they do, demand falls off. If a tariff increases prices (and it is useless if it does not) it must kill some demand. To the extent that it reduces competition it must have the same effect—quite apart from the effect it may have upon cheap-car development.

Making for Good

If, however, our manufacturers cannot co-operatively produce a car to compete in price, power, and quality with the Americans they certainly have a *primâ facie* case for a tariff. The first concern of the British people must necessarily be for British industries. A demand for a tariff must, therefore, be sympathetically considered. But I doubt its ultimate and general good. Nor am I convinced of its necessity. I have it upon the best authority that we are far from the limit of our home resources in the production of the cheaper cars; and if the manufacturers will not move co-operatively (we certainly cannot blame them if they are mainly prosperous enough as they are), we shall doubtless have a new firm arising to do the work individually. The meeting, as an indication of a live concern in a highly important matter, was good in itself, and must make for more good.

AN EXPONENT OF PACE

Mr. L. Coatalen, who, at Brooklands, recently set up new speed records. He covered 319 miles 242 yards in four hours, and 391 miles 429 yards in five hours, the mileage per hour therefore being, respectively, 79·78 and 78·36, as against 75·20 and 74·21, the previous records

An Interesting Souvenir

From Mr. Paul Brodtmann, of the Continental Tyre Company, a very effectively conceived and artistically

expressed souvenir of the Prince Henry Tour last year. Photographs in effective setting of all the competitors (a great army) wise enough to rely upon a tyre of the acknowledged quality of the Continental for the conditions of a vigorous reliability trial. In addition, more pictures of Continental tennis ball users playing or posing, cyclists in big races, motor-cyclists in full cry (both lots using the Continental tyre specially devised for their particular purpose), and air adventurers who use Continental "aeroplanstoff" in their aeroplanes, balloons, and dirigibles. A very charming production indeed, for which—best thanks.

The Car of Value

Nineteen thousand miles in two years and ten months over Cape Colony roads in the service of a doctor; never once stranded, nor held up with any mechanical trouble. The doctor then had the car dismantled for overhaul. Two new piston-rings, a little slack in one big end, and a slightly worn jet were all that could be found. Replacements cost eight shillings. For 19,000 miles! When the question of the best car for Colonial work arises, this car surely cannot be forgotten. It is the Valveless, manufactured by David Brown and Sons, Huddersfield.

A Tyre of Quality

I am asked for a view of the Helsby tyre. I can give it in a word—fine. It is one of the best tyres, fashioned on a fabric foundation of great strength and moulded in a material of highest grade. It can be relied upon to give great satisfaction.

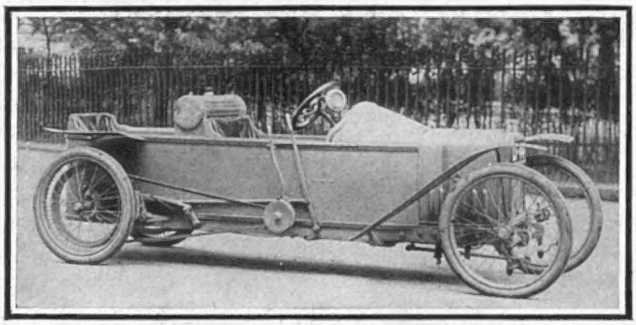
Photograph *Campbell-Gray*

THE O'GORMAN TROPHY

The race for which elegant prize takes place on September 28 at Brooklands. In view of the fact that, in this year's event, no restriction is made as to size and power of cars entering, some exciting racing should be witnessed

An Approved Aeroplane

Bristol machines continue to impress the foreigner by their stability and efficiency. That is one very good reason why the British industry in aeroplanes is rapidly climbing to a considerable place in the estimation of the Continental manufacturers and aviator. Than the Bristol Company certainly no one has done more to rescue Great Britain from the reproach of the hopeless laggard. Therefore, I note with added pleasure a very excellent performance put up by Lieut. Detton, of the German Flying Corps, who uses a Bristol monoplane. No other machine ventured out because of boisterous elements, but the lieutenant went steadily away in the gathering night, did forty miles in 41mins. before darkness forced a descent, and completed his trip from Halberstadt to Doberitz next morning. Good for the Bristol again.



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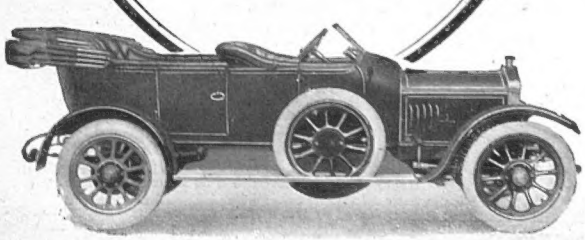

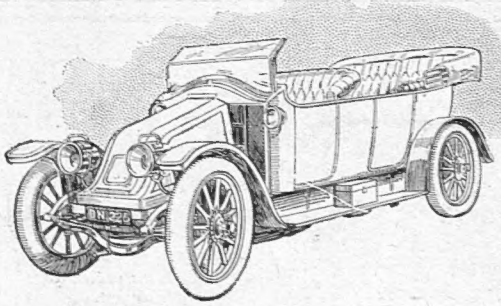

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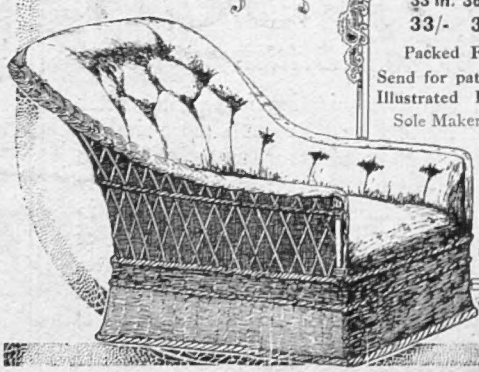

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